THE TRAGEDY OF CANARSIE **GENE I. MAEROFF**

THE
NATION

DECEMBER 4, 1972 *50 cents*

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LETTERS

fence jumping

New York City

DEAR SIRS: It appears now that Nixon will try by maneuvering to win what he failed to win in the election: control of the Senate. Senators Eastland, Stennis and Byrd (all of the ripest conservative Southern vintage) are expected to switch to the Republican Party. Presumably, enough other such shifts are in the works to give that party a majority—otherwise, it is extremely unlikely that Eastland would give up his powerful committee chairmanship. Clearly, he has been assured that he will retain it under Republican control.

Surely the Democrats needn't allow them to get away with it. Republicans have switched over to the Democrats before (some very recently), and have had no trouble getting re-elected. Logical switchovers, it seems to me, are those like Percy and Case (to mention only two) whose proven appeal to the electorate makes them relatively invulnerable. (Javits, of course, could do so, but he is not likely to have the intestinal fortitude.)

Republican leaders like Percy might argue that they need to remain within the Republican Party in an effort to maintain a liberalizing influence—and specifically to try to prevent the nomination of Agnew in 1976. It is a very poor reason. There is nothing surer under the political sun than that the Republican Party is going all the way to the Right, and its "liberals" can do nothing to prevent it.

Nixon is quite certainly angered that the electorate showed their distrust of him by providing a Congressional fence. If the Democrats allow him to destroy that fence, not only they but the whole country will suffer . . .

Theodore E. Wilson

Right turn?

New York City

DEAR SIRS: If we believe the post mortem polls indicating that not even Senator Kennedy (undoubtedly, I think, the strongest candidate the Democrats could have nominated) would have won against President Nixon, then we must indeed deplore the Democrats' chances in 1976, even if Agnew is the Republican candidate. I think history has shown that a party in shambles cannot rebuild itself unless it imitates the party that has held power over a long period of time. Does this mean that the Democrats may have to swing to the Right? (Remember the "me-too" policy of the Republicans when they were striving to get in control again?) What a prospect for America! *Mildred Roth*

short answer

New York City

DEAR SIRS: The editorial on the murder of Herbert Popper [*The Nation*, Nov. 13] was most touching. But it prompts me to ask a question: would you have published the editorial if the killers had been black???

Walter M. Kaufman

Certainly!!!—*Editors*

Lorca

New York City

DEAR SIRS: As an old admirer and actually a friend of Federico García Lorca, may I thank you so much for your discriminating review of his play *Yerma* by Harold Clurman (*The Nation*, Nov. 6). . . . What faced Mr. Clurman was the need to understand and appreciate a play whose idiom was strange not only in language and presentation but also in its underlying moral structure. That he recognized all of this and conveyed it to your readers was no small achievement. . . . *Mildred Adams*

EDITORIALS

The Planner

Richard Nixon made it to the top on a personal platform of anti-communism. The essence of communism, whence all its evils and all its merits (if any) flow, is centralized economic planning, which implies centralized political power. The essence of capitalism is free enterprise, more or less diluted by monopoly. Mr. Nixon, it goes without saying, is a devout believer in free enterprise. But, judging by the policies he furthered, or tried to further, in his first term, and the plans he is reported to be formulating for his second term, he believes with equal devotion in an executive stronger than any heretofore known in the constitutional separation of powers.

As he approaches his second inaugural, Mr. Nixon emerges as a bold and resourceful planner. Or a reformer—but only in the literal sense of the term, not in the usual meaning of a politician who seeks to curb abuses and enthrone virtues. Usually, also, reform connotes redistribution of wealth in favor of the poor, and that is not at all Mr. Nixon's objective. In an Op-Ed article in *The New York Times* (November 17), "McGovernism: R.I.P.," Aram Bakshian, Jr., one of Mr. Nixon's speech writers, declared that most Americans "still view the United States as basically free enterprise, with those who support themselves entitled to a better life than those who do not." It is a safe bet that Mr. Bakshian has read his master's thoughts aright. Mr. Nixon may feel that his mandate is to provide an even better life for those who support themselves, as by owning oil wells, than for those who have no place in the American economic scheme. Exit, therefore, the Great Society programs of the 1960s.

This is only one aspect of the new Nixon planning, however. The concentration of power over foreign affairs in the executive was a conspicuous feature of Mr. Nixon's first term. Apparently, in the second, post-landslide term this is to be matched by a similar concentration of power over domestic affairs. It has long been known that Mr. Nixon looks with a jaundiced eye on bureaucrats. One reason why he abhors price-fixing—even though he finally resorted to it—is that it is usually administered by a swollen bureaucracy. But a bureaucracy directed by Mr. Nixon or his bureau chiefs is another matter. On a larger scale than the Price Commission, power is to be taken from the traditional departments, headed by Cabinet members and staffed by career bureaucrats, and given to political bureaucrats in the White House office. Although Mr. Nixon is now freed of re-election worries, he would like his place in history to be confirmed by a long Republican tenure. Nothing could be more popular with the voters who gave Mr. Nixon his landslide than a well-publicized skewering of visible bureaucrats; the White House bureaucracy, meanwhile, will remain hardly known outside newspaper circles.

Another objective of the Great Planner is to decentralize even while he is centralizing. Some may call all this devious, but flexibility is the term that will have greater appeal to Mr. Nixon's current hordes of sup-

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porters. Simultaneous centralization and decentralization are easy for a President of Mr. Nixon's capacity. It is a matter of technique which, in the words of a Tennessee official quoted by John Herbers (*The New York Times,* November 21), "leaves the money on the stump," where local officials will pick it up and use it at their discretion.

A possible weakness in this method of returning power to the people is that state and city corruption is at least one order of magnitude greater than federal corruption. By way of example, federal judges do not as a rule buy their offices or accept bribes from litigants, but such procedures are almost routine in the lower levels of government. Cynics may foresee a gigantic pork barrel in the making, but Mr. Nixon is not a cynic. He is confident, evidently, that the money picked off the stump will be used only for the benefit of the taxpayers.

Still another advantage of the program for reform that Mr. Nixon has in mind is that much of it can be done by executive fiat and funding policies. And on top of that, it insures a large measure of executive privacy.

Mr. Nixon is a private man, not only as regards himself but in matters of public interest. He has already insulated himself effectively from the Congress in foreign affairs, and to a considerable degree he can accomplish the same feat at home. Of course he will encounter strenuous opposition from interested parties, but he has overcome worse in the past, and now he can point to his landslide. It should serve him well, for a while at least.

Loose Ends

Some good cheer can be found in the election returns which, in a Presidential year, always take time to sort out. Item: the election of George E. Brown, Jr., from the newly created 38th Congressional District in California. In 1970, Mr. Brown gave up the seat he had held for many years to run against John Tunney for the Democratic Senatorial nomination. It is the best of good news that he will be back in the House. Rep. Paul McCloskey, Jr. (R., Calif., 17th C.D.) won re-election by something like a 3-to-2 margin. He was supported by such top Republican leaders as Reps. Gerald Ford and Bob Wilson, as well as the state chairman and Robert Finch, despite the fact that he had challenged Mr. Nixon in the New Hampshire primary. Rather than lose a seat to the Democrats, the leadership apparently decided to swallow its collective pique and support McCloskey. That he won easily in a district that had been gerrymandered may be evidence that the exposure he received in New Hampshire did him no harm. The re-election of Donald W. Riegle, Jr. (R., Mich., 7th C.D.) was also good news; he has an excellent voting record. So, too, was the election of Gerry E. Studds (D., Mass., 12th C.D.); he will strengthen the liberal Democratic bloc in the House.

Of course there were disappointments, as for example the defeat of Rep. Abner Mikva in Illinois. But Mr. Mikva was forced to run in a new district where he did surprisingly well. The defeat of Rep. William Anderson in Tennessee falls into the same category; his courageous defense of the Berrigans probably cost him the election.

Three aspects of the Illinois election merit special

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emphasis. The margins by which Senator Percy and State Attorney William J. Scott were re-elected were most impressive; one might say that, in Illinois, the President was pulled along by their coattails. But the Republicans lost the governorship and in Illinois that is a serious matter, for the governor controls about 60,000 patronage jobs. Dan Walker, whose unorthodox campaign tactics paid off, will no doubt make good appointments; and thereby many qualified Democrats and Independents will replace all those Republicans. In Cook County, Edward Hanrahan, the machine's choice to succeed Daley in 1975, was defeated for re-election as State's Attorney despite neat timing of his acquittal by a Daley-appointed judge shortly before the election on conspiracy charges stemming from the shooting of the Black Panthers. His opponent swept ten of Chicago's fourteen black wards and did well in four others. Rep. Ralph Metcalfe, whose break with Daley signaled the black rebellion, won re-election.

For the first time, Chicago blacks split their tickets; McGovern got 92 per cent of the black vote; only 45 per cent went to Hanrahan. Similarly in Jackson, Miss., 90 per cent of the black vote went to McGovern but only 24 per cent to Sen. James Eastland whose Republican opponent won about 40 per cent of the vote although he was ostracized by the leaders of his own party. If he had been able to run with the President's support he might well have defeated Eastland. The first black since Reconstruction was elected to the Arkansas Senate, the first blacks ever to the Minnesota, Nevada and Wisconsin Senates; the first black to the Maine House of Representatives; and the first black in this century was elected to the lower house in Minnesota. In Georgia, Andrew J. Young, a black, was elected to Congress in the 5th C.D. by a margin of about 72,000 to 64,000. The district is 38 per cent black and 62 per cent white. Young appealed to "New South votes," regardless of race. His election, along with the election of Barbara Jordan (D., Tex., 18th C.D.) and Yvonne W. Brathwaite Burke (D., Calif., 37th C.D.), will bring to sixteen the number of blacks in the House. They are all Democrats.

Across the country the Democrats scored a net gain in party control of state legislatures; they now hold the majority in twenty-eight. Although the youth vote did not help McGovern as much as he had hoped, it was an important factor in many local and state races. In Colorado it was important in the election of Floyd Haskell to the Senate and in the upset victory which Patricia Schroeder, age 32, scored against a Republican incumbent in the 1st C.D. On balance, there is not a lot to cheer about, but some significant gains were made despite the President's one-sided victory.

Voting Their Fears

San Francisco

You might suppose that a 67.5 per cent defeat would dampen the ardor of those who had hoped the death penalty would never be restored again anywhere in the United States. That is the size of the vote which has reinstated capital punishment in California. In addition, the vote affirmed that death, at least in this state, is *not* cruel and unusual punishment. This vote, the first popular expression on the question since the U.S. Supreme Court ruled last June that the "cruel and unusual" prohibition applied to specific cases before it, shows what a gloomy gap exists between the public's view of the subject and the decisions of California and U.S. courts.

Nevertheless, the handful of lawyers, clergymen, Quakers, ACLU activists, students and housewives who concocted an amateur opposition to the pro-death penalty campaign in California have found some nuggets of hope amidst their defeat. For one thing, it seems to defy reality to summon back the executioner, when for more than six years no criminal has been executed in the country and death rows are emptying in state after state. For another, the whole question of the constitutionality of capital punishment under federal law is far from settled.

"By no means can this defeat be termed overwhelming," said Anthony Amsterdam, Stanford University law professor, who has argued the pivotal cases that delayed and then halted executions across the nation. "At the very least it will be two years before a determination can be reached as to the constitutionality of this measure just voted on, and the question is very much alive until then."

Probably the most significant advance for the abolition forces was the editorial opposition to restoring capital punishment voiced by the *Los Angeles Times* and the *San Francisco Chronicle*, the first time in twenty years that any California newspaper had taken this stand. The *Times* put its emphasis on the inability to justify death as a deterrent to crime and said, "An important measure of the quality of any society is the means it employs to maintain order through law." The *Chronicle* dubbed the initiative "an emotional effort to turn back the clock in a world which is consciously moving out of the shadow of the gallows."

The most eloquent statement provoked by the political contest, however, came from a man with thirty years' experience in penal work in New York and California, who had presided over the execution of 170 men and women. Richard A. McGee, who was California Director of Corrections under Gov. Earl Warren and under three subsequent governors until he retired during the Reagan administration, made public a detailed statement of his position:

> I am not a stranger to violence or to violent men. I have walked through the cooling blood of murdered men on more than one occasion. These experiences arouse in me, as in other normal men, a sense of outrage and an elemental desire to take retributive action. . . .
>
> But as a practical man I have been convinced on purely rational grounds that the death penalty is futile and inappropriate in a modern society. . . . It is my conviction, from the vantage point of my experience, that vengeance and retribution carried to the point of taking human life in this deliberate fashion is beneath the dignity of a modern democratic government.

But law-enforcement men had put the issue on the ballot, and the state's top law-enforcement figures, Gov. Ronald Reagan and Atty. Gen. Evelle Younger, had spearheaded the drive. The initiative was devised to defy a State Supreme Court 6-to-1 ruling of last February which

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reached further than the subsequent U.S. decision, and unequivocally held that capital punishment is too "impermissibly cruel" to be tolerated in a modern civilized society. Governor Reagan, reacting in outrage, proclaimed his belief that the gas chamber "serves to protect law-abiding citizens and should be retained for that reason."

Reagan personally exhorted police, district attorneys and prison guards to get the initiative drafted and to collect signatures to qualify it. The San Francisco *Bay Guardian* pointed out the extraordinary extent of official involvement, some district attorneys' offices serving as headquarters for the drive, some police circulating petitions in uniform, San Francisco fire and police stations serving as petition centers until Supervisor Terry François demanded that they desist. Attorney General Younger promised in a March 28th press release to use "the power and prestige" of his office to insure success of the death penalty initiative.

He did so, but his position became slightly ambiguous when it was recalled that Younger had written bar review articles in years past opposing the death penalty. The Republican Attorney General shifted his stance a bit, said he was not "a fan" of capital punishment, but argued that the Supreme Court must be reversed because it had usurped the legislative role in its declaration that the penalty is unconstitutional. In his aspiration for the governor's office, Younger had not been able to generate much press attention until he hit upon the death penalty issue. It propelled him along nicely, in tandem with Governor Reagan, a favorable position for a Republican.

Not rationality but emotion seems to have prompted the California vote. Fear over violent crime made it logical for voters to accept the dicta of their police, and the police themselves were prompted by fear. Recognizing this, Oakland Police Chief Charles Gain (who is opposed to capital punishment) emphasized that education on the issue must in the future focus on law-enforcement men. "They argue from their feelings, their fears. They *think* death is a deterrent. But they don't know. They haven't looked at the statistical studies, comparing death penalty states with non-death penalty states. They are as lacking in facts as the public."

One tragic aspect to the modern use of death as a punishment for criminals is that the complexity of the system diffuses responsibility. "No one was voting to take on himself the responsibility for taking a life," noted Amsterdam. "They voted to let others have the job. . . . It is all very impersonal, antiseptic, sterilized, bloodless. . . ."

Just how antiseptic and impersonal can be seen these days on a visit to San Quentin. In the death cell, they are retouching the apple-green paint of that grisly cylindrical upright casket, testing the gas exhaust valves to be sure they don't get rusty, and generally sprucing it up. The witness room that half encircles the steel-plate death cell, a room where admission years back was a symbol of political importance, has one of the few doors that open directly from the main cell block to the prison front plaza. It, too, is getting a fresh coat of paint. "We find it handy to bring tourists in this way," said Warden James Park. "We've got to keep the place in order. The public likes to see it."

MARY ELLEN LEARY

The Latest in Ideas

Nowadays "craze" words signal the emergence of a new idea or trend that is about to enjoy a brief whirl of popularity in the media. The latest such word is "inequality," which at the moment is very Conservative-chic. Education, we are told, has little impact on unequal status. Further, we can do almost nothing about the inequalities in society. They are rooted in the genes; they are also rooted in differences between families and groups, that is, they have a cultural dimension (an observation that is not exactly news). Attempts to reduce inequalities are thus doomed to fail; they have always existed and always will. People must learn to accept them and be civil about them. We must all relax.

Experts will determine in time how much substance, if any, there is to the arguments on which this new inequality fad is based. Here the point of interest is to note that in ideas, as in women's wear, fashion changes are related to existing and potential markets. Today there is a large and growing market for any ideas that will confirm a self-satisfied middle class in the belief that it need not, indeed should not, exert itself to improve the lot of those less fortunate. That would cost money; it would raise taxes; would involve inconvenience and a certain amount of wear and tear. It would create some fuss and disorder and would certainly be uncivil. And in the end such efforts would fail.

In a word, "inequality" is the latest in Conservative-chic because it is just the idea needed to reinforce prejudice and make the status quo of which President Nixon is so enamored seem not merely tolerable but inevitable and unchangeable. So "inequality" will have quite a run, perhaps dominating the academic and intellectual shopping centers for a year or more. Then it will be replaced by some other conversation piece—some new fodder for the TV talk shows—first, because that is the way ideas are used these days; second, because closer scrutiny will reveal fallacies in the arguments and an insufficiency of data, and third, because events will demonstrate that the disadvantaged refuse to be "civil." Full equality of opportunity may not be attainable, but it is an ideal worth striving for, if only because it is less ignoble than a pig-headed preoccupation with money, things and status.

Racism Begets Racism

One conclusion that will be drawn from recent events in the field of racism is that black isn't necessarily beautiful. It must be extremely embarrassing to civilized Africans (and civilized Americans of whatever color) to have the rug pulled out from under them in their appeals for sanctions against the Union of South Africa. Not satisfied with expelling some 40,000 Asians from Uganda, President Idi Amin felt called upon to justify Hitler's extermination of some 6 million Jews. Recently, in a New York City dispute between Jews and Negroes over educational facilities, when a rabbi tried to address the Negro protesters, he was greeted by shouts of, "Hitler knew how to deal with you!" and "We'll take care of you the same way!" Of course these angry black citizens had the ex-

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ample of the Canarsie and Forest Hills whites before them: the Rev. Jesse Jackson was not far off the mark when he said before the November 7th election, "*We're* the issue," meaning white racism against blacks, in every section of the country. And racism begets racism, backlash begets backlash.

Uganda was a "developing" country before Amin decided to oust and rob his Asians. The country has been set back in its development, but to most of the people it will make no difference. The great majority in the back country are subsistence farmers. The effects of the expulsion of the Asian professionals and businessmen will be felt mainly in the cities, in the form of unemployment and loss of educational, medical and other services.

Amin's racism is mixed with anti-intellectualism. In *The New York Times* (November 9) Hilary Ng'weno writes, "The Asians have been odd-men-out in East Africa. They are hated because they are thought to be industrious, wealthy, clannish; because they do not mix with Africans; because they cheat and bribe to advance their business; because they are smarter than Africans; because they are different; because they are Asian." Similar accusations were brought against the German Jews. There were too many Jewish doctors! Jewish businessmen were swindling the honest Germans! Jews had stabbed the Reichswehr in the back in World War I! They were international Communists! A sizable number of Americans still believe such nonsense.

Yet, after forty years, the Germans seem to have cleansed themselves to a significant extent. In the November 19th election they returned to the chancellorship Willy Brandt, probably the world's most civilized statesman. More than 90 per cent of Germans eligible to vote went to the polls, as compared with 55 per cent in our election. The Ugandans have a long way to go, but so did the Germans, who cracked up despite what we would regard as a higher degree of civilization. Amin chose to compare himself to Hitler, who boasted that his Third Reich would last a thousand years. He went to war in 1939 and in less than six years he was dead. Amin had better watch his step.

What Trash Is Worth

Everybody talks about power, pollution and trash, but only St. Louis is doing anything about all three of these problems at once. In that city, according to *St. Louis Commerce,* the Department of Sanitation shreds solid trash in a gigantic mill, compacts it and delivers it to the generating plant of Union Electric, where it is fed into the furnaces along with coal. As of now, and it is only a beginning, the furnaces can burn 300 tons of trash a day. In this pilot project, the waste material supplies 10 to 15 per cent of the heat needed by the two boilers at the company's Meramec plant, and cost figures have not yet been completely worked out. As time goes on, however, the economics of the experiment can scarcely fail to improve: the cost of dumping solid waste is rising steadily in every major city and the price of coal goes up year by year. The cost of processing the trash might increase, but the raw material can scarcely do so, and the supply seems unlimited.

A refuse dump is a form of pollution even when it is called "sanitary fill"; furthermore, the sulfur content of the waste ranges from .19 to .33 per cent, whereas the sulfur content of the coal received by Union Electric varies between 3.06 and 3.93 per cent; air pollution will accordingly be reduced by St. Louis' enterprising experiment. It cost the city and the utility about $1 million between them to set up the scheme, with the U.S. Environmental Agency contributing substantially. Will other cities please copy?

'RIGHT ON BOTH SIDES'

THE TRAGEDY OF CANARSIE

GENE I. MAEROFF
Mr. Maeroff is a reporter on education for The New York Times.

Canarsie, one of the almost entirely white enclaves on Brooklyn's south shore, is free of the pernicious blight that has consumed the predominantly black sections in the northern part of the borough. Its population of 80,000, mainly Italian-Americans and Jews, is 95 per cent white. The people live in pleasant, medium-priced houses on safe, tree-lined streets and shop at stores and markets located conveniently throughout the area. They have a sense of general well-being.

Many of them were raised elsewhere in Brooklyn—Brownsville, East New York, Williamsburg—and view with a mixture of disgust, anger and sadness the gradual deterioration of those neighborhoods. Above all else, they want to feel certain that, by having been able to afford the move to Canarsie, they have outrun the disintegration.

Thus, Canarsie was the perfect stage for the tragedy that was played out in its midst during the last few weeks. Thousands of ordinarily peaceful men, women and children were thrown into a frenzy by what they perceived to be the first step toward a threatened take-over by blacks of their schools and, eventually, their neighborhood. Through an immensely successful boycott, Canarsie's protesting residents virtually closed down the area's six elementary and two junior high schools. Moreover, in a series of demonstrations, meetings and rallies they vented their disapproval of the policies of New York City's Board of Education. The object of this lavish outpouring of fear and invective was a group of thirty-two

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black and Puerto Rican children from nearby Brownsville who had been assigned to one of Canarsie's junior highs by the central board.

The boycott is now ended, the people of Canarsie having been assured that their local community school board would be given three months to devise an integration plan acceptable to the people. It was because the Board of Education had overruled a decision by the local community school board on where to place the thirty-two youngsters that the action by the Canarsie parents was undertaken in the first place. "The issue here is decentralization," declared Mrs. Gertrude Pastelnick, president of the area's combined PTAs, and a leader of the boycott.

School decentralization, begun in 1970, divided New York City into thirty-one districts, each with its own elected community school board. The Board of Education retains authority over broad policy making, including plans for school racial integration. Thus, intervention by the central board in the dispute involving the handling of the thirty-two Brownsville youngsters was proper, though people in Canarsie denounced it as a violation of the decentralization concept.

"The thing about what happened here," said Genarro Simoneti, a white-haired Roman Catholic priest, "is that there is right on both sides. On the one hand, the black people have a right to have their children educated. On the other hand, the white people have a right to preserve their community."

Preservation of community was, indeed, the prime issue in the minds of Canarsie residents. To them, the children who were being bussed into Canarsie symbolized the urban ills they were trying to hold at bay—bad schooling, crime, squalid housing, empty storefronts, drug addiction and unemployment. They saw the youngsters as the advance guard of an onslaught of blacks who ultimately would transform Canarsie into yet another slum.

Ed Rosenthal, who works in a department store, was one of the demonstrators who stood for hours in the chill outside Junior High School 211 in Canarsie. The thirty-two black and Puerto Rican children from Brownsville were inside, but their white classmates were at home. "For three years," said the 32-year-old Mr. Rosenthal, "I worked two jobs, eighteen hours a day, just so I could raise the money to buy a house here. I worked one job during the day and drove a cab at night. My wife and I put off having kids all these years so she could work, too. Now I have my house. I grew up in Brownsville and went to school there. I know what has happened to Brownsville. I don't want it to happen here."

What Mr. Rosenthal and other white protesters said they wanted was justice—no more, no less. Ironically, the parents of the thirty-two minority children saw their goal in similar terms. "They have their homes," Mrs. Joan Boatright, a black woman whose child was one of the 7th-graders that JHS 211 was forced to accept, said of Canarsie's whites. "We're not trying to move in with them. The only thing we're doing is going to school here. Our children are coming in to get an education and then leaving and coming back home. We're not telling our children that they have to sit at a table with them if they don't want us at their table. It's just quality education that we're after.

"I'm sorry for these people and the hatred they have in them," Mrs. Boatright, a tall, slender woman, continued. "It's stupidity, really. We are intelligent, but some people feel that blacks are animals. I beg to differ. I'm not an animal. I am just as good as they are and, in fact, in some instances from what I have seen, I think

I'm a little better. I wouldn't lower myself to some of the things that they do."

JHS 211 is a modern, 3-story structure, a few blocks from Rockaway Parkway, the principal north-south artery piercing Canarsie. It is also near two low-income projects. Even before the arrival of the thirty-two from Brownsville, 30 per cent of the school's enrollment was comprised of blacks and Puerto Ricans. An increase in the minority percentage, according to some Canarsie parents, would actually jeopardize integration at the school, putting it in danger of "tipping."

To New Yorkers, and residents of many other big cities, tipping is synonymous with the eradication of white neighborhoods. Examples abound of schools that were all white, became integrated, and then turned all black as white families fled. In many instances, the climb in nonwhite enrollment has been accompanied by an increase of disruption and violence. As the vicious cycle would have it, once the white students disappear the experienced teachers soon follow them, and neglect sets in at the school.

Harvey B. Scribner, who in his two and a half years as chancellor of New York City's schools has undertaken numerous controversial innovations to make the schools more responsive to the needs of minorities, recenty offered some provocative observations about tipping. "There is a frightening tendency in this country," he stated in a letter he wrote to *The New York Times* but never mailed because the Board of Education dissuaded him from doing so, "to assume that minority children are somehow less desirable in schools than white children—'unwanted merchandise.' Thus, do we speak of 'tipping' the racial balance when the percentage of minority chil-

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dren in a school grows toward 40 or 50 or 60 per cent—yet rarely if ever do we speak of 'tipping' in schools that are overwhelmingly white. In Canarsie, 'tipping' is an issue at JHS 211 where minorities represent perhaps 30 per cent of the student body. But too few speak of 'tipping' at nearby JHS 68 where the enrollment is approximately 97 per cent white—a statistic which would give any school an instant reputation as segregated except for the fact that the students are white."

As Dr. Scribner implies, tipping is associated with the presence of blacks. But what seems to have been forgotten, in Canarsie and elsewhere in America, is that fear of tipping predates the large influx of blacks into the school systems of the North. In earlier days, when white immigrants—with their strange-sounding languages and alien customs—settled in considerable numbers in any one area, there was fear that they would tip the neighborhood and make it less desirable.

In many ways, the plight of the black man resembles that of the immigrant of another day. Today's black is but the latest arrival—from the rural South and centuries of bondage and oppression, instead of from the villages and farms of Europe. He has come on the scene asking for his share of the American promise, only to find that his predecessors have carted off great chunks of it to the suburbs, leaving behind decrepit housing, worn-out public services, a dwindling number of jobs, and an educational system that often lacks support and vitality.

The thousands of Canarsies in America are populated by honest, well-meaning bootstrap-pullers who made it the hard way. They and their parents struggled and paid their dues; they think it only fair that the next fellow should do the same. However, the system no longer operates as it did for previous generations. How do you pay the dues when they won't let you near the toll booth for fear of a rip-off? How do you ride the vehicles of upward mobility when they have let the air out of the tires?

It is like getting into a game of musical chairs after everyone has sat down. The present Administration in Washington extols the virtues of the neighborhood school and condemns bussing, despite the fact that more than one-third of all the nation's schoolchildren ride busses to school because they have no neighborhood school within walking distance. Rather than appeal to the average American's best instincts, the President chooses to arouse his worst fears.

Even where programs are being attempted and money is being spent in massive doses there are monumental failures. The Secretary of Housing and Urban Development talks of resigning and recommends that all federal housing programs be abolished as "a $100-billion mistake." Two research reports determine the government's multimillion-dollar war on drugs to be unsuccessful and the Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare locks up the reports.

"Part of the problem," New York City Rep. Bella Abzug has said of today's racial divisiveness, "has been, regrettably, that there has been a pitting of one group against another, which I think emanated directly from the White House. I think much of this is reflected in Canarsie. People have come to fight one another, instead of seeing the major enemy to be a government that has served special interests, that has not committed its resources to the educational facilities and to the housing needs and to the health-care needs and the child-care needs of the people of the city, and to jobs."

Money alone will not perform the task. Nor will putting black children in seats next to white children necessarily be the panacea. It is obvious by now that something must be done in the schools of the country to reach little black children long before they are irreparably crippled by reading and mathematics retardation. Millions of black youngsters are inadequately equipped for post-high school education or the job market. The desperate parents in Brownsville recognize this and they hope that their particular children can be saved by a school desk in Canarsie. It is no less than any white parent in similar circumstances would wish for his child. □

SWEDEN'S SOCIALISTS

HOIST WITH THEIR OWN SUCCESS

BERNARD K. JOHNPOLL
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Stockholm

More than forty years ago, on September 24, 1932, the Swedish Social Democrats took over the government of what was then a poverty-ridden country. They have held power ever since, and Sweden has become the most affluent country in Europe, with the world's highest standard of living. And they have accomplished a revolution without bloodshed, dictatorship, or political upheaval. The Socialists accomplished that fact by preferring pragmatism to doctrine and dogma.

Now, forty years later, there are rumblings of discontent, and public opinion polls indicate that the popularity

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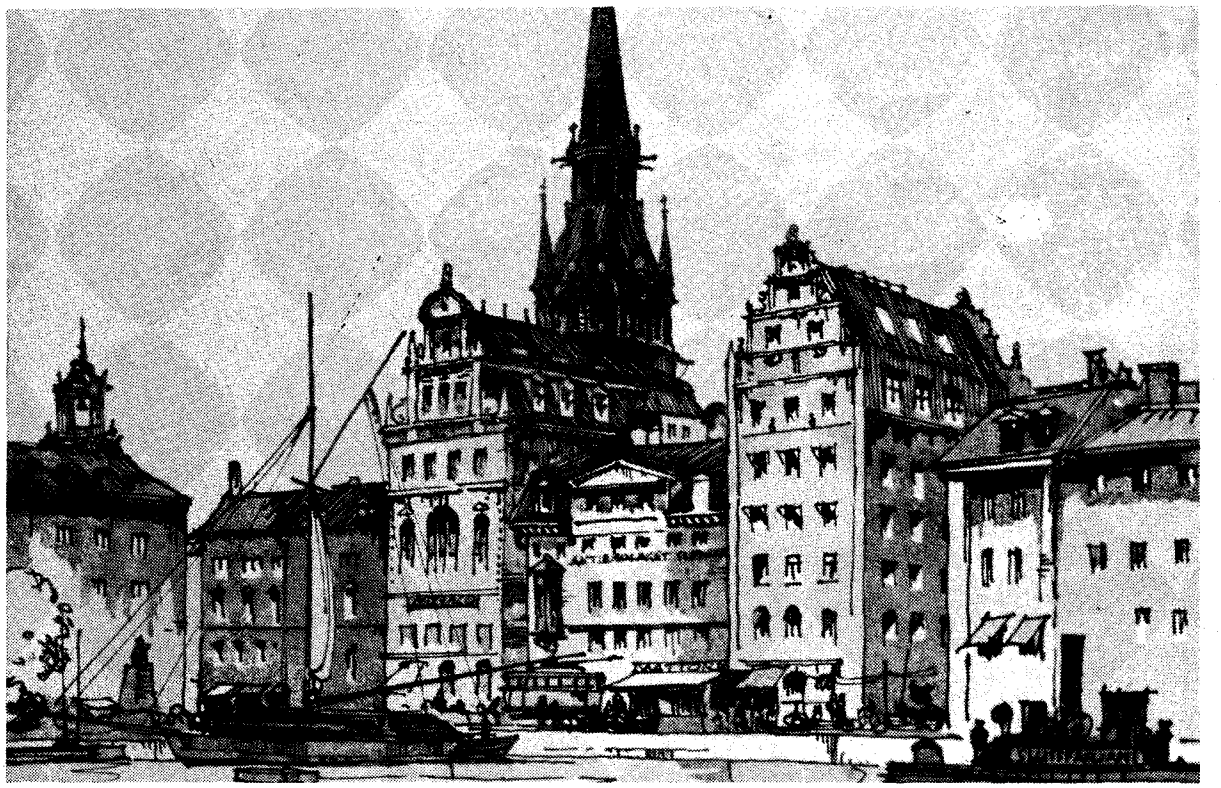
of the Social Democrats is at its lowest level in thirty-five years. Although the most recent signs point to a slight revival it seems unlikely that the Social Democratic Labor Party (Sveriges Socialdemokratiska Arbetareparti) will maintain its near majority of the popular vote in next year's Riksdag election. It is even possible that the three "bourgeois" parties—the Moderates (conservative), Liberals and Centrists (agrarian)—may be able to form a coalition which would end the Socialist rule. That prospect, though remote, is causing great concern in Socialist circles.

Tage Erlander, who was Sweden's Prime Minister for twenty-three years (1946 to 1969), and who is still a powerful force in both the Social Democratic Party and the Riksdag, doubts that the Socialists will lose power, but he concedes that party fortunes have been low for the past year. Erlander, one of the few men who has served in the Riksdag since 1932, blames the decline on the high expectations the party aroused, and virtually fulfilled, and on the world economic situation. Three key factors, he told me, have occasioned the party's present low estate: unemployment, prices and labor unrest. This has happened despite the fact that unemployment in Sweden is at about 2 per cent, far below that in the United States and in most other European countries; Swedish prices have risen more slowly than have wages and earnings, and strikes have been far fewer and much less violent in Sweden than in any other Western European country (only .02 per cent of man-days were lost in labor conflicts in 1970, the worst year since the Socialists took power). Yet, even this low level of economic dislocation has produced considerable reaction against the Social Democrats, because the party had made full employment, economic stability and labor power without conflict the bases of its rule.

From the first, the Swedish Socialist Party was nondoctrinaire, being committed to full employment and social welfare rather than to social ownership. Since 1913 it has been committed to a program that is now called Keynesian, though in fact Swedish economists were ahead of Keynes. In 1913 Hjalmar Branting, who then led the Social Democratic Party, and Gustav Möller proposed an economic policy designed to expand the public sector and use fiscal policy to assure full employment. The program was ignored by the Riksdag, only sixty-four of whose 230 members were Socialists. The program remained Social Democratic doctrine thereafter, although the short-lived Branting government of 1920 was unable to implement it. In 1932, Branting's successor, Per Albin Hansen, formed the first effective Socialist government and proceeded to enact the 1913 Branting-Möller proposals. Keynes's first major work, *Britain's Industrial Future*, did not appear until 1915.

When the Socialists came to power in 1932, their first action was to expand the economy by public expenditure in a successful effort to gain full employment. The man most responsible for designing the practical program enacted by the first Hansen government was Ernst Wigforss, the Finance Minister. The result of his measures was a sharp rise in the standard of living, which soon surpassed that of the rest of Europe.

During the war, which Sweden escaped, the government suspended the policy of full employment, since it



Lawrence Wright

Stockholm Waterfront

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was no longer necessary, but in the postwar years the Social Democrats renewed it. The electorate, accordingly, returned the Social Democrats regularly, giving them an absolute majority in 1968. It was then that Tage Erlander made what he now considers his most serious error. Faced with a shortage of labor, his government encouraged women to seek employment. But the boom did not last, a decline in jobs set in, and women, generally the last ones hired, found themselves without work. By this time any unemployment was unacceptable to most Swedes. Moreover, during the 1950-70 labor shortage, some foreign workers—mostly Yugoslavs, Greeks, Finns and Italians—had been encouraged to come to Sweden. Many Swedes resented the foreigners who, they believed, threatened their jobs. They blamed the Social Democrats for allowing "hordes of foreigners" to descend upon them.

Erlander does not underestimate the unemployment problem. He says: "We have promised full employment. Thus, although our position is better than that of the rest of Europe, we had still higher pretensions. We are being compared with what we have promised, and not with how much better off we may be than the rest of the world. If we get full employment, we will have a victory."

A side effect of the program of full employment that has been working against the Social Democrats in the past two years has been the increasing urbanization of Sweden. In 1930, farmers represented 36.2 per cent of the population; as late as 1950, they made up 20.3 per cent. Today, only 6.5 per cent of the 8.5 million Swedes live on farms. And the rest live in cities, for as jobs became more plentiful, most of Sweden's farmers found it advantageous to move to centers of industry. Mechanization has averted a decline in farm production, but because Swedes have historically been nature-conscious —environmental pollution and conservation have been major issues in Sweden for decades—urban growth is considered an evil per se. The Social Democrats have acted swiftly, and effectively, to clean up the urban environment—it is now possible to fish in the heart of Stockholm—and Premier Olof Palme believes that by 1974 it will be possible again to swim in Stockholm Harbor. Moreover, taxes have been readjusted to make single home ownership economically practical in a country where 70 per cent of the people live in apartments. Even HSB, the huge cooperative housing association which accounts for almost a third of all housing units constructed, is reducing its high-rise construction and increasing the single-family output of its prefabricating factories. Whether urbanization will be held against the Social Democrats, once full employment returns, remains to be seen; for the moment, it is being used by the government's opponents.

If unemployment has created disillusionment with the ability of the Socialists to assure the economic well-being of Sweden's workers, rising prices have created serious defections among consumers. This is true despite the fact that prices have risen only 250 per cent during the past twenty-three years, whereas the income of the average Swedish workingman has gone up almost 560 per cent. For some items—particularly luxury goods—the increase has been extremely great. Thus whisky, cigarettes, gasoline, automobiles, radio and television sets and jewelry sell at prices abnormally high by general European standards. Food, though somewhat more expensive than in less affluent European countries, is readily available at reasonable prices. Clothes, particularly shoes, and housing are at or below the European standard, and considerably below the scales prevailing in the United States.

Whereas a shot of whisky at a middle-class restaurant costs about $2, a pack of cigarettes sells for $1, and a gallon of ordinary gasoline costs $1.10, a good man's suit can be had for $75, an excellent pair of men's shoes for $12. An apartment in one of Stockholm's suburbs rents for about $25 to $30 a room (even less for lower-income families who enjoy government subsidies). Nevertheless, in a country whose average worker earns about $6,500 a year, the high cost of luxury items creates difficulties. Moreover, as Prime Minister Palme admitted during an interview, the most recent price rises were caused by Social Democratic policies. Palme's government, working through the trade unions, decided in 1970 to reduce economic inequality by raising the incomes of the lowest paid of Sweden's workers, and since those workers were in agriculture and retailing, the immediate effect was a rise in prices. Last year's "anti-inflation" demonstrations by housewives were organized by the opposition parties and their followers. Despite the noise and publicity surrounding them, they were not particularly well attended, but Socialists concede that the increasing prices, together with the high (for Sweden) rate of unemployment, are creating political problems. And unlike unemployment, the price spiral is proving almost insoluble.

With typical pragmatism, Stockholmers have found ways to avoid the high prices. During the summer months they go by ship to the nearby Finnish island of Aland, where food and luxury goods sell at about 20 per cent below Swedish levels (Finnish salaries are even lower). Moreover, whisky can be purchased tax-free aboard ship at about half the Swedish price. During the late fall and winter, a much longer and more expensive trip to the Finnish city of Turku is necessary, thus making the savings available only to members of the middle class. In any case, these combination pleasure and shopping holidays may soon be a thing of the past, for prices are rising on a broad front in Finland—and at a faster pace than in Sweden.

Even if the problems of employment and prices can be solved by Sweden's Socialist government, Erlander fears that a labor dispute which occurred in the far north two years ago may have seriously damaged the Socialists' image. The strike at the government-owned LKAB iron mines in Kiruna upset the assumption that, to quote Erlander, "we could improve workers' conditions without conflict." Since 1938, the pro-Socialist Labor Federation (commonly called the LO) had negotiated contracts with the Swedish Employers' Federation. And except for occasional minor wildcat strikes, peace has reigned in Swedish labor relations. The Kiruna strike

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had a poor effect on the Socialists for three reasons: it raised serious doubts about the Social Democrats' ability to keep labor peace; it was aimed as much against the official LO as against LKAB itself, and it occurred in one of the few fully nationalized industries in Sweden. That the strike "stained our reputation for avoiding conflict," as Erlander said, is obvious. More important among the party's 870,000 members was the sharp conflict which developed between the miners and their leaders. Some of the miners went so far as to accuse the Social Democratic union officials of using "Fascist methods of criticism." Some of the officials involved have already resigned. The miners are now among Sweden's highest paid workers and most have made their peace with the LO and the Social Democrats.

Since the Kiruna strike there have been two major walkouts, both by white-collar employees. These strikes, aimed at decentralizing labor bargaining and thus weakening the position of the Labor Federation, have resulted in strong verbal exchanges between Arne Geiger, chairman of the LO, and the leaders of the two unions involved. Politically it drove a wedge, perhaps temporary, between the white-collar workers and the Social Democrats.

A fourth problem confronting the Socialists is high taxation. At the lower levels, the Swedish income tax is slightly less than it is in the United States; at the upper levels it is considerably higher. On a net salary of $2,600 per year, a Swede pays $450 in taxes, including social security and medical insurance. At $5,200 the tax increases to about $1,200, and at $52,000 it increases to $32,000. This includes local as well as national taxes and social security payments. There is also a 16.66 per cent value-added tax on all sales. The high taxes are in large part due to Sweden's high defense budget—more than $1.50 billion annually—which the country generally agrees is necessary if Sweden is to maintain its historic position as a neutral.

"What are we to do?" Erlander asks. "We have no alternative. And the other parties can offer none." But the taxpayers are weary and vent their feelings on the party in power.

Whatever the outcome of next year's election, the accomplishments of the Swedish Social Democrats' forty years in office have been immense—so great that not even the most conservative government would dare to repeal or reduce them. Sweden now has the most generous old-age pension and old-age care system in the world. It has a health system which guarantees low-cost medical care to all. (Only a serious shortage of doctors has prevented its health services from surpassing those of the rest of the world, and the Socialists are taking steps to train more doctors.) Every Swede is assured of a four-week paid vacation annually. All schoolchildren are given wholesome lunches at state expense in the schools. Children get state allowances; and the cost of childbirth, plus the initial expenses of a new child, are met by government subsidy. Rents are subsidized on the basis of need. Higher education is free, and the universities at Uppsala, Lund, Göteborg and Stockholm equal any in the world.

Sweden, as I said earlier, has not adopted a doctrinaire Socialist approach toward solving its problems during the past forty years, and young members of the Marxist-Leninist League now denounce the Social Democrats as "reformist betrayers of the workers' revolution," to quote from a poster in Orebro's town square. This October's Social Democratic Party Congress rejected proposals to nationalize the banks (they are already controlled, if not owned, by the state). For the Socialists remain committed to what Marquis Childs has called "the middle way." Only in foreign policy, where the Swedish Socialists early opposed the American war in Indochina, have they assumed a "Left" position.

They have been in office for a long time, and now the pressure for change is rising. Whether the Socialists can survive it, and go on to solve their problems peacefully and democratically, is a major question for Scandinavia and a not inconsiderable one for the rest of Europe. □

SCAPEGOAT VICTORY

THE PRESIDENT'S WHITE MANDATE

RICHARD A. LONG
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One point about the Presidential election must be insisted upon, since it is shunned by the weak and the wily: the consensus achieved by Nixon was not *for* anything, but *against* blacks. In each of his winning campaigns Nixon has employed a code slogan to indicate that he would keep blacks in their place (out of white neighborhoods, out of white schools, out of white jobs—the lot). In 1968, it was "law and order," a term dear also to George Wallace. Nixon won that election by a sliver, the more visceral types preferring the earthier Wallace. In 1972, the code word was "bussing." Wallace being out of the race, Nixon walked off with his previous vote plus the Wallace vote. Of such stuff are consensus and landslide made in this Republic.

The American public, the pundits tell us, is ill at ease, unsure of itself, looking for certainties. That is true. And tragically so, for few peoples in the world would seem to have less reason for such attitudes. And whatever the origins of these miasmas, the ritual for exorcising them is to find a scapegoat. If it were not for those troublesome blacks, there would be pie all over the sky. The scapegoat psychology which the Nixon victory embodies

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suggests a more than superficial parallel to another place and another time—Germany, 1933.

The terrifying fact is that, though Nixon has received a mandate, it is for nothing specific; all options are therefore open. It may be assumed, however, that he will be content to do what he has said he would do:

¶Further reduce social services.

¶Nominate reactionary justices.

¶Maintain the defense establishment.

¶Tranquilize the Russians and the Chinese.

And also that he will proceed with some he has not enumerated:

¶Tolerate massive unemployment for blacks.

¶Wheel and deal for his friends (as in the Russian wheat sale).

¶Increase the surveillance and espionage activities of the executive, through both established agencies and *ad hoc* groups.

¶Prepare a baronial retreat from which he can continue ruling through a hand-picked successor (probably not Agnew).

¶Destroy the free press (only a fraction of the American press).

It would be naive to assume that the most careful documentation of any of these admitted and implied goals, and the fullest exposition of their predictable effect on the well-being of the great white middle, would have changed many votes in the last election. This must be understood by those few millions who really voted against Nixon, for it is up to them alone to oppose him now. (It is important to reflect that in no parliamentary nation in the world today—England, France, Holland, South Africa, India—could a government have survived the Watergate scandal alone.)

The various McGovern groups—Lawyers for McGovern, Labor for McGovern, etc.—cannot consider their work ended by the election. Three major functions, which will become increasingly difficult and dangerous as time passes, must be continued: (*1*) monitor the Nixon Administration; (*2*) pressure the Congress; (*3*) radicalize the Democrats.

The Nixon Administration, despite its yelps, was only sloppily monitored by the press during the last four years. The press half reported the events and offered almost no interpretation. Four more years of such activity can be confidently expected. Hence the various groups whose active participation in the campaign signaled their awareness of the corruption and moral sloth of the Administration must develop new channels of communication with their public and with youth (at best, a long shot), so that the true image of Nixon and the palace guard is perceived, at least by people who care.

The Congress, whose performance was that of a blob during the last four years, cannot be expected to develop backbone or purpose without a degree of pressure equal to or exceeding that brought regularly by the hirelings of business and the National Rifle Association. The few million anti-Nixonites should be able to exercise at least that much muscle, both by reporting what the hirelings are doing and how Congressmen react to them and by coaching Congressmen on individual issues.

The crypto-Republican Democratic party hacks—both the declared Rizzo variety and the undeclared low profilers—must under no circumstances be permitted to reclaim the party machinery by default. Since they do not oppose Nixon, they cannot constitute an opposition at this, the most critical point in American history since the Civil War. Jean Westwood, despite Lawrence O'Brien's bland advice, should not offer her resignation: her supporters should insist that those who purged themselves stay purged, and that those who remain go into opposition or shut up.

One may ask, what of McGovern? It would appear that he can be useful only as a supporter of the strategy

Oliphant, Denver Post

". . . And for You Good Voters, a Copy of My 'Work Ethic' Speech!"

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here outlined. His own susceptibility to some rather shoddy manipulations, particularly in the Eagleton affair (a double mistake: the selection *and* the rejection), indicates that basic good will is not enough in what is rapidly becoming the worst of all possible Americas.

A final caution: the effective public relations devices of the Right (far more potent than the touted superior articulation of the Left) must be co-opted. All of the special groupings here envisaged should select the most patriotic labels available for their operations. Who has better claim to them? The Indians, perhaps, but they, after all, are in the coalition. □

McGOVERN'S ONE STATE

How Come He Won in Massachusetts

JAMES HIGGINS
Mr. Higgins, a former editor of the York (Pa.) Gazette and Daily, is now a free-lance journalist living in Boston and teaching journalism at Boston University.

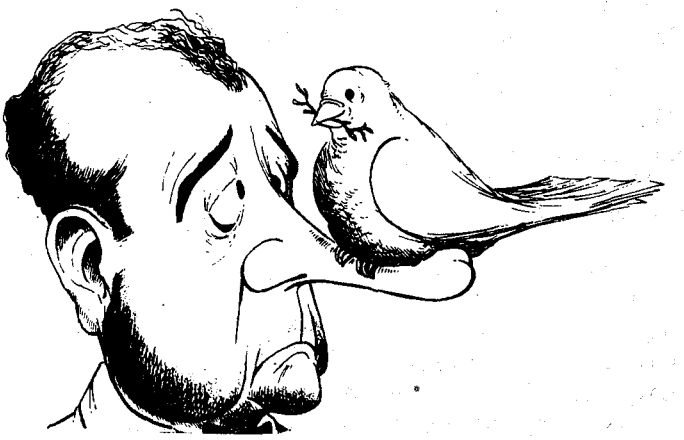
Boston

Staunch McGovern man Jack Raverby, proprietor of the drugstore on the corner of Mt. Vernon and Charles Streets at the foot of Beacon Hill, a place where politics and pills are dispensed daily, cannot explain how come the Democratic candidate for President won in Massachusetts and lost every other state (Washington being not a state but a D.C.). Like lots of other Bostonians, Raverby makes valiant stabs at analyzing the unique Massachusetts results: its voter registration is about 2-to-1 Democratic; it has a large liberal student population; it's "Kennedy country"; the *Boston Globe*, which circulates through most of the eastern and central part of the state, endorsed McGovern; and, well, people of Massachusetts, generally speaking, are against the war in Vietnam and for peace, and they didn't trust Nixon on that issue.

Apparently they didn't. Robert Healy, a *Globe* editor, wrote on the day after election: "Massachusetts has always been the most militant state in the nation against the Vietnam war. . . . Peace is still the largest issue in Massachusetts." But neither Healy nor Jack Raverby could say why. Like almost every other amateur or professional evaluator of things political in Massachusetts, they are stumped.

Nevertheless, the consistent pattern of the vote throughout the state—with one Congressional exception—would lead anyone to conclude that a majority of voters expressed anti-war sentiment—not pro-McGovern sentiment per se; not Democratic sentiment per se, but peace sentiment. Example: Democratic anti-war candidates for Congress Robert Drinan, Michael Harrington and Gerry Studds won; Democratic candidate for Congress Louise Day Hicks, no progressive but McGovern-endorsed, lost to the first "Independent" candidate ever elected from the state, John Joseph Moakley, who describes himself as "an anti-war guy since 1968"; the only black U.S. Senator, Republican Edward Brooke, with a reputation—not altogether deserved, some say—as an opponent of the war, was re-elected by almost double the margin McGovern achieved.

It is true that in a Congressional district which went for McGovern, the former leader of the Vietnam Veterans Against the War, John Kerry, lost to a mildly liberal Republican, Paul Cronin. But his sister, who worked in his campaign and whom I chanced to meet on a train to New York City the day after election, said the war had little to do with her brother's defeat. "John moved into the district only this year," she said, "and had eight people whom he had defeated in the primary either sitting on their hands or helping Cronin. And four or five front-page *Lowell Sun* editorials in the final week implied that John was everything from carpetbagger to Communist, as well as a moneybag elitist from Yale. That didn't give him much of an image in a mill town where several thousand are out of work." In other words, Kerry's was a special case.



Vadillo, Siempre (Mexico)

But where does the anti-war sentiment come from? Why Massachusetts? Why did hard-hats, Irish-Americans, Italian-Americans, Portuguese-Americans, the Polish precincts of Boston, the well-off suburbs with substantial Jewish populations, the Catholics, the blacks, the mid-state city of Worcester, the western cities of Pittsfield and Springfield—why did the majority of them vote anti-war? Massachusetts is a Democratic state, to be sure, but a state where in primary election weeks almost all leading Democratic regulars were for Muskie or Humphrey and much resented being elbowed aside as convention delegates by youth, women and blacks—and, if they got to the convention, were appalled by its new composition.

Could the answer simply be that Massachusetts is the only state in the country to have had, for the past ten years, a well-organized, active anti-war group? It is called

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Mass Pax and it has combined the strategy of mass demonstrations with intense grass-roots work in electoral politics. I mentioned this to my friend Jack Raverby at the drugstore. He said, "Oh, sure, but they're a small outfit." I agreed. Only about 1,200 members throughout the state. "Still," I said, "last January 15 they got 3,000 key people from all over Massachusetts to meet at Assumption College in Worcester and agree to support McGovern as the best available anti-war candidate. And then, along with the Citizens for Participation in Politics, with which Mass Pax is about to merge, they got going in the communities. From January 15 to November 7 they never stopped pushing the peace issue and McGovern as the peace candidate. Furthermore, they had a history of working just the same way, on the same issue, going back to 1962."

I suggested to Raverby, who was wrapping up some hair spray for one of his steady customers from the Charles Street area young people set, that the Massachusetts vote against the war had to come from somewhere different than did the vote in the rest of the country, and that my guess was it came in great part from Mass Pax. That might be worth some study by other peace-minded, anti-militarist people elsewhere, who, it seemed, had not yet been able to get themselves together. Jack remained skeptical. "How else do you explain Massachusetts then?" I asked him. He said, "I already told you. I'm like everybody else around here. I can't." □

NIXON'S GAS

ANOTHER RUM DEAL WITH RUSSIA

HARLAN H. VINNEDGE
Mr. Vinnedge is a systems analyst who has in the past worked within the military-industrial complex.

When the 93rd Congress convenes in January, one of the first things that will need its scrutiny is the proposed U.S.-USSR natural gas deal. As matters now stand, the financial beating the U.S. taxpayers are likely to take from this scheme will make the Soviet wheat deal look like a windfall.

In brief, the two agreements under discussion would provide some 4 billion cubic feet per day of Soviet natural gas, to be delivered to East and West Coast U.S. ports over a twenty-five-year period, beginning in 1980. The Soviets would gain ownership of all pipeline and gas facilities to be built in the Soviet Union by U.S. companies (the fields where this construction would take place have not previously been exploited by the USSR because the development could not be justified economically). By the end of the contract period, in the next century, U.S. consumers will have paid up to $10 billion for this construction and $45.6 billion for the gas.

The Nixon Administration is pushing hard to complete the negotiations by the end of the year—the next negotiating meeting being scheduled for December 8 in Moscow—arguing that the Soviet Union is a more reliable source of energy than the Middle East, that the Soviets *need* U.S. dollars and technology, and that they have nowhere else to sell their gas. In addition, the deal is offered as another of the coups resulting from the new policy toward the Soviet Union.

It may well be that the Russians need U.S. dollars and technology, though it is staggering to realize that this assertion is being made by Richard Nixon to defend a proposed deal with them; the other assertions are demonstrably false.

Just about a year ago Congress decided it was far too risky to depend on the USSR for our chrome supply, and so decided to abandon our commitment to act in accord with the U.N. Charter. Both the Republican Minority Leader in the Senate and the Republican National Committee chairman were leading spokesmen in the Senate for this position, vigorously supporting the attempt by Sen. Harry F. Byrd (Ind., Va.) to pass the Rhodesian chrome amendment. Since this would violate both the letter and the spirit of the Nixon Doctrine (we shall keep all our treaty commitments), it would be mean and small to suggest that it was a political move by the Republicans to buy Byrd's support in the event that they were able to organize the Senate in the 93rd Congress. Therefore, it must be that the Republicans genuinely felt it would be an error to depend on a possibly unreliable source for chromite ore. That being so, it would be an even more serious error to depend on that same source for up to 10 per cent of our natural gas requirements. Separate deals, in fact, are being negotiated for the East and West Coasts as partial insurance against Soviet disruptions in delivering the gas.

The Administration has also answered the question of other sales outlets for the Soviet gas. It is negotiating now with the Algerian Government for 1 billion cubic feet of gas per day, beginning in 1976 and extending into the time period of the Soviet deal. These talks have been halted by court cases brought by the Sierra Club and other environmental groups which object to the siting of some of the required U.S. processing facilities. The Administration is now urging that the negotiations get back on the track before the Algerians lose interest and sell the gas to West Europe, alleviating gas shortages there. The Russians are presumably aware of that potential market.

Previous Soviet gas deals have indeed been coups, but the Soviets have been the beneficiaries. In one of their latest and most spectacular arrangements, they managed to gain handsome benefits without losing a cubic foot of their own gas. In 1966, they negotiated with Iran to purchase gas that had previously been flared off in the oil fields because there was no developed market for it. In turn, the Iranians received Soviet financing and assistance to construct the necessary pipelines and associ-

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ated equipment and a steel mill at Isfahan. At this stage the Iranians were ahead, gaining a steel mill they had sought since the 19th century in exchange for gas they had been burning as waste. They had first sought the steel mill from West European or U.S. sources, but none of the 100 teams of specialists who had examined the request had been able to devise a means of financing the mill.

With the Iranian gas on tap, the Soviets began negotiating its sale to both East and West European nations. These talks ended in deals for sales of the same amounts of gas as were to be obtained from Iran. The Soviet purchase price of the Iranian gas averages about 19¢ per thousand cubic feet; the sales price to the European customers averages 37¢. After $250 million for the steel mill and certain other costs have been recovered, the Soviet profit on the combined deals will run to about $428 million over the fifteen-year life of the agreements.

Neat as that deal may seem, the U.S.-USSR agreements under discussion are even better. To appreciate their full beauty, it is necessary to perform a little arithmetic, first calculating the cost per thousand cubic feet being proposed for the Soviet gas. The amount of gas to be imported is twenty-five years times 4 billion cubic feet per day times 365 days per year—a total of 36.5 trillion cubic feet or 36.5 billion thousands-of-cubic-feet. At a total cost of $45.6 billion, this comes to about $1.25 per thousand cubic feet; 3.38 times the price to European customers of the Soviet Union. (In contrast, the proposed price to us of Algerian gas is around 87¢ per thousand cubic feet.)

Although these figures hardly seem the basis for proclaiming a U.S. financial coup, the proposed deal is probably so regarded by some groups in the United States. One such group would be the pipeline companies and natural gas wholesalers which are parties to the negotiations; they can factor the Soviet gas costs into their general rate bases, and more than recover their excess costs. Coincidentally, at least three participants, Tenneco, Texas Eastern Transmission Corp., and Brown and Root, Inc., are represented in the negotiations by Herbert Brownell, Eisenhower's Attorney General. In addition, executives of Bechtel, another participant, contributed about $100,000 to the Nixon campaign; Tenneco executives gave $11,500; Texas Eastern, $10,000. John R. Harbin, president of Brown and Root's parent corporation, gave a modest $1,000.

There are also great potential benefits to U.S. industry, since the payments would be in the form of credits for purchases in the United States. The U.S. consumer, by paying highly inflated prices for the Soviet gas, would actually provide a hidden subsidy to U.S. business. But the fact that, like the Russians, he needs U.S. dollars, does not seem to interest Mr. Nixon. □

'TEXAS TURNCOAT'

Connally and the Tide of Power

JACK WAUGH
Mr. Waugh is staff correspondent of The Christian Science Monitor *in the Southwest.*

Austin, Tex.

John Connally—former Democratic Governor of Texas, friend to John F. Kennedy (and shot when Kennedy was assassinated that day in Dallas), aide and confidant to Lyndon Johnson—was as recently as 1971 still the most powerful single figure in Texas Democratic politics. Then, as fast as the eye could follow, he vaulted into the top echelons of Republicanism. He became President Richard Nixon's Secretary of the Treasury; and literally within minutes of arriving in Washington was admitted to that most select of circles: feet-on-the-desk status with the President (only about a dozen men in the nation—and Connally the sole Democrat among them—can go to the Oval office of a Saturday, put their feet up on the desk and talk to the President eye to eye).

Finally, Mr. Connally ran Democrats for Nixon and contributed who knows how substantially to the landslide. It is hard to remember anybody at Connally's political level ever changing his spots with such panache and success, and he did it without actually changing parties.

Now what happens? Is Connally still a powerful Democrat? Can he, as he hopes, be a major beneficiary of the pick-up-the-pieces operation after the McGovern wipeout? Or has his credibility, and with it his Texas Democratic base, crumbled beyond repair? If so, will he chuck it all, turn Republican, take a big Cabinet post in Richard Nixon's next four years, and try for President by that route? And can he do either?

The answers to those questions are conditioned by the future of national politics and where—after Nixon—power will truly lie. It has to do, also, with whether John Connally still has a power base, whatever his party.

It is safe to say that Connally no longer occupies quite the high ground in Democratic Texas that he did before he went to Republican Washington.

The politics of Texas flows in three major streams. One of them is composed of liberal Democrats who have never communicated or willingly consorted with Mr. Connally and who would like to see Ralph Yarborough once more in the Senate. They see Connally as an unfaithful Democrat, and are not surprised.

Another third of Texas politics, running in the opposite direction, is made up of conservative Democrats and Republicans. It is from the first of these that Mr. Connally recruited his Democrats for Nixon in Texas. They are much the same crowd that twenty years ago, under Gov. Allan Shivers, bolted the Democratic Party

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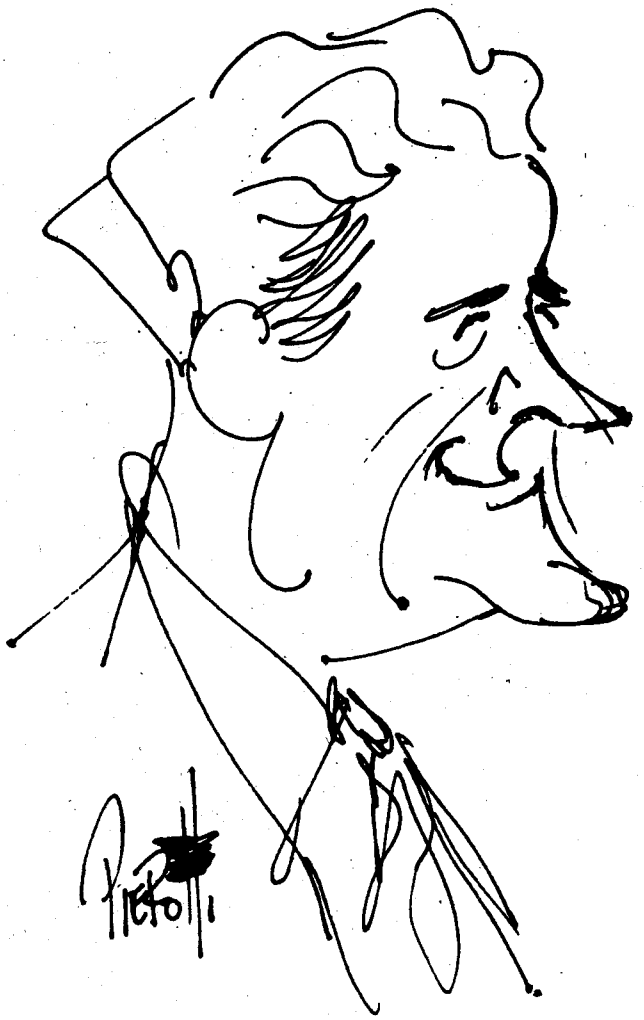

for a season to vote for Dwight Eisenhower. The other part of this second third are registered Republicans whose only tie to Connally is Mr. Nixon.

The last third of Texas politics is the moderate middle. It is all Democratic and always votes that way—except under such extreme provocation as having a George McGovern on the ticket. This third swings the balance of power in Texas and controls day-by-day politics in the state. Where do each of these thirds now stand on the matter of Connally's future?

To the liberals he registers about three on a party loyalty scale of ten. For instance, Bob Bullock, the Democratic Secretary of State in Texas, belches flame on the subject: "If Connally ever was a Democrat, which a lot of us doubt, he sure isn't any more. What I wish is that he would stop running around the country pretending that he was."

Another, who wouldn't want to be quoted by name, says: "Nine out of ten Democrats here in Texas don't even mention Connally any more. He is a dead duck. He's killed himself. We don't even bother screaming at him any more. We treat him like a political corpse. Now that he is dead we don't want to make a martyr out of him. He'd just love to have somebody call him a traitor so he could get some attention. He's lonesome out there."

Texas liberals claim that the bullet which wounded Connally in the Kennedy car actually saved him politically, that he had so declined in popularity by November 1963 that it was doubtful he could be re-elected governor. But he was re-elected, and thus established as the power in Texas politics throughout the 1960s.

Now the liberals say of him that he is a Democrat only from convenience, and one of them predicts, "If he now tries to come back and take over this party again there would be the doggonedest dog fight you ever saw and Connally would get his teeth kicked in."

Naturally, conservative Democrats and Republicans don't see it that way. Since they shared Connally's sentiments for Nixon and against McGovern, they no more question his basic loyalty to the party than they question their own. One of them sums up the position:

> Don't forget that John, except for supporting the President, was for Democrats all down the ballot. He said publicly the only Republican he planned to vote for was Nixon. I know a lot of people call him a turncoat. But if he is, then so are the rest of us. He had a great following of Democrats in this campaign. A lot of Democrats did just what he did, voted for Nixon without abandoning the party. And like him, we will be back. Connally can be a power in the party again if he wants.

Texas Republicans agree that he hasn't burned his bridges to continued political power in Texas, but they have a different slant on his future. If Connally wants to come back as a Republican rather than a Democrat—a real possibility—they think he had better get on with the business of changing his party designation.

They believe, with GOP state chairman, George Willeford, that Connally actually "didn't interject himself into the Republican Party or its affairs merely by supporting Nixon." And they think he should now do so soon if he wants to build a Republican base, because—Mr. Willeford again—"people who work in the vineyards of Republican politics in Texas would want a commitment from him long enough ahead to feel they can go all out for him if he wants to run for President."

Moderate Democrats in Texas are far less scrutable than either the liberals or the conservatives. But even among the moderates there is a feeling that Texas can no longer be the Democratic base for Connally that it once was. Many of them see him as a renegade on whom they can no longer depend, a Trojan horse who has already set Republicans loose in their midst.

Bernard Rapaport, long a Democratic leader in the state, says: "This is a feeling John and a lot of others just aren't sensing. Some mighty nice Democrats in Texas voted Republican. But this isn't 1952 when Shivers could take a lot of them to Eisenhower and back again. Connally is making a mistake if he thinks he can do what Shivers did without getting hurt. He can't depend on Texas any more as a base. If he was to run for governor of Texas today he couldn't win. If he ran as a favorite son for President he couldn't win."

Barefoot Sanders, the Democrat who ran against John Tower for the Senate this year, was popular with moderate Democrats, and there was talk before the election that if Sanders lost, a lot of the blame could be laid

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to Connally and his Democrats for Nixon. Sanders did lose, and just how much resentment the moderates are nursing against Connally nobody knows.

It is not inconceivable that Connally believes he can come back to Texas and reassume his post as king of the Democratic mountain. Two years ago, one of his protégés, Lloyd Bentsen, had just been elected to the U.S. Senate. Another protégé, Lieut. Gov. Ben Barnes, looked like a shoo-in for either the governorship or John Tower's Senate seat. (Barnes ran for governor, but got caught in the cross fire of the Texas bank scandals and didn't survive the primary.) In the fall of 1970 you could have asked any Texan who was the most powerful man in the state and without hesitation he would have said, "John Connally."

But now at least 50 per cent of the Texas electorate is made up of Democrats who for one reason or another —either because they are liberals and never liked him or because they are moderates and now don't trust him —won't welcome him back with any warmth.

Perhaps the most telling sign that Connally might be dumped by his own party is that even Republicans and conservatives believe that if he has Presidential ambitions —and, despite his denials, nobody doubts it—his best hope lies with the GOP.

But a question of greater long-range importance is just how firm any power base can be in the West or Southwest today—and especially in Texas. Eight years ago Barry Goldwater was running for President and saying that the nation's politics would never be the same again, that there had been an irreversible shift of the center of political power to the West and South. Both he and his Democratic opponent were far from the Eastern mold that had produced almost every President since the beginning of the Republic.

However, Goldwater was buried in an avalanche like the one that has just buried McGovern, and Johnson, the incumbent who beat him, was President by inheritance. The West has never produced a President from scratch, unless you count Mr. Nixon as a Westerner. But he lost when he ran as a Californian in 1960, and by 1968, when he won, he had abandoned his base in the West for a law office and residency in New York. He shifted base well ahead of his success.

Throughout the campaign of 1972 the country seemed divided into an Eastern seaboard and the rest of the nation. And the East, as usual, dominated. It was the part of the country that was reading *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post,* still the Bibles of national politics, and was worked up about the possible effects of the Watergate bugging and the reports of an imminent peace that never came.

Throughout the West and Southwest—Connally-Goldwater and one-time Nixon country—where *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* arrive four days later, if at all, there was a notable lack of concern. And though the Western side of the country voted precisely as did the rest of the country, save Massachusetts and the District of Columbia, it did not dominate the campaign as did the big states of the East, where candidates traced and retraced their steps so often. At this moment the West is about as subsidiary to the East as it ever has been in national political power. John Connally, if he returned to Texas to try to recover his eminence, would have to face that fact.

Nixon was able to win the Presidency in 1968 by uprooting himself politically. He had relinquished his base in California, as Connally, to some degree, has relinquished his in Texas. (Mr. Nixon has since re-established himself in California—at San Clemente—and is considered a Westerner returned.)

In the sense that both Nixon and Connally have turned drifters, one geographically, the other politically, they have become national rather than regional figures. However, Nixon never changed parties, although after he was drubbed by Edmund Brown when he tried to run for governor of California in 1962, he reportedly thought about it. And I cannot remember any successful politician who changed parties at the Connally level and then went on to win the highest political prize.

As one Texan has put it, when talking of Connally, "Few parties in history—can you name any?—have given their highest honors to a turncoat from another party. Out in these parts they call them revolving SOBs. And I ask you, who votes for them?" □

LIFE IN A SANCTUARY

WHAT REFUGE FOR THE ALEUTS?

LAEL MORGAN
Mrs. Morgan is on the staff of the Tundra Times *(Fairbanks).*

Fairbanks, Alaska

On March 3, 1913, President William Howard Taft reserved by Executive order the whole Aleutian chain of Alaska, as a preserve and breeding ground for native birds, for the propagation of reindeer and fur-bearing animals, and for the encouragement and development of fisheries.

It was a far-sighted act from a conservationist point of view, for the islands harbor some of the world's most varied colonies of birds, a myriad of wildlife and rich fisheries. But, as is too often the case in overzealous conservation work, Taft overlooked one important part of the Aleutian environment—the people who lived there. Consequently, the Aleuts have been battling ever since to gain equal citizenship with the birds, fish and fur-bearing animals.

Taft might well be excused for ignoring the Aleuts in

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1913; they were few in number and they had come to expect little quarter. Invading bands of Russian fur traders had enslaved the once strong race in the mid-1700s and reduced their population from an estimated 20,000 to 1,000. Transfer to American sovereignty in 1867 did somewhat improve the natives' lot, but epidemics of influenza and tuberculosis continued to slow the population growth. For nearly a century anthropologists have been blithely predicting extinction of the race, but survivors (an estimated 5,000 of them) are surprisingly hale. Recent settlement of Alaskan native land claims by the federal government has strengthened the Aleut League (the chain-wide native association) and given this traditionally submissive people a new determination to fight for their rights.

Last year Larry Dirks, an Aleut and lifetime resident of Atka, farthest west village of the chain, filed for a native land allotment under a government ruling passed in 1909 and making it legally possible for natives to own land they use and occupy. Under the law, he could have claimed 160 acres with additional tracts of the same size for his wife and four of his seven children. Instead he filed for only 40 acres immediately around the summer campsite that has been used by his family for generations.

"I could have claimed more but there was a time limit," he explained. (Federal settlement of the land claims last December put an end to any further granting of individual land allotments). "I didn't need that whole mountain up there, anyway. But we do want the campsite. I can remember when I was a little boy we used it all the time . . . as far back as my father could remember, too."

But in August a letter from the federal land office in Anchorage informed Dirks that he could not have his land, because of the reserve status of the Aleutians. He was also notified that he had thirty days to appeal the ruling, but on Atka that was no easy assignment. The island's eighty-four residents have not been allowed a post office because there is no regularly scheduled transportation on the island. Their only communication with the outside world is a fickle 50-watt school radio which connects with the Alaska state-operated school on Adak, 100 miles distant, and no one on the island is allowed to send a telegram through this hookup.

Atka has no airport, no functioning dock, no transportation except a Navy tug leased by the Bureau of Indian Affairs (BIA), which makes a round trip from Adak every month or two months, depending on the weather and military maneuvers. Luckily for Dirks, his rejection letter arrived on the tug with a visiting member of the Aleut League and the league undertook his appeal before the protest time had expired. Other Aleuts have not been so fortunate. Some did not receive their rejection letters until after the protest date had expired, and others had long since given up in the snarl of red tape.

Sergis Golley, the oldest man on Atka, went to a great deal of trouble to survey and post his family campground in the late 1950s. His correspondence on the subject covers a four-year period and well documents the bureaucratic confusion concerning the status of the Aleutians.

In 1962 his claim was officially rejected and he was advised to apply for a 5-acre homesite. His letter of reply is a classic example of the patience with which the Aleut people have handled discrimination over the years.

Dear Mr. Nelson:

I am a bit disappointed in receiving this copy attached [the letter of rejection from the federal land office]. After all the work I put in measuring and posting the land, I rather hoped I could, in the near future, raise sheep on the allotted land, but I guess even that would be forbidden.

I do not wish to settle for five acres and I do not wish to pay five or ten dollars [the price suggested for a land use permit] to use my own native land.

Is there anything you can do for me in the way of helping to get 160 acres and help me to understand this more clearly?

Hopefully waiting to hear from you I remain,

Very truly,
Sergis Golley

"I think we arrived here about the same time as the birds," speculates Golley's daughter, Nadesta. "There aren't very many birds on our campsite anyway and we don't do them any harm."

"They weren't so worried about the birds but what they set off an atomic bomb down here," argues Michael Besecker, the Atka schoolteacher. "What harm is it going to do for the natives to own the land the birds fly over?"

Mike Swetzoff, president of the Aleut League, reports that settlement of the chain by Aleuts has been scientifically established by carbon dating back at least 8,400 years. "But only forty-three of our people ever applied for legal title to their land," he reports. "Most of them didn't know they could. When the BIA had their big splurge to get natives to file their applications, they never came to the chain. Our people never had that chance."

League lawyers hope Dirk's appeal will be granted, because it can be proved that his forebears used the land before Taft's Executive order reserved it as a refuge. Other cases, which cannot be documented in this manner, will require more complicated legal action, but league representatives hope, eventually, to get at least part of the chain reclassified for human use.

"We'll go to the Supreme Court if we have to," Swetzoff warns. "The whole damn Aleut community has never been recognized in the past. Never had any representation except personal interest. We're finally breaking out of that." □

CHRISTMAS

Records of the Year — David Hamilton

Art Books, 1972 — Lawrence Alloway

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Coming Next Week

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BOOKS & THE ARTS

Write or Be Written

FRENCH FICTION TODAY: A New Direction. *By Leon S. Roudiez. Rutgers University Press. 413 pp. $15.*

VIVIAN MERCIER
Mr. Mercier is the author of A Reader's Guide to the New Novel *(Noonday Press). He has been awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship to write a book on Samuel Beckett, and is at present in Ireland.*

The popular stereotype of the literary critic—since the 18th century at least and perhaps earlier—presents him as a failed creative writer. To plagiarize Shaw's witticism about teachers, "Those who can, do; those who can't, criticize." Yet a great deal of the criticism I read nowadays leaves me with the conviction that this stereotype, true though it may have been in earlier centuries, has little validity today. For instance, it seems highly unlikely to me that Leon Roudiez has ever written a novel or even *wanted* to write one. If he had, I think he would have produced not only a different book but possibly a better one.

Not that *French Fiction Today: A New Direction* (the subtitle is crucial) is a bad book. On the contrary, it would be hard indeed to write a more intelligent and useful study than Roudiez's on the fifteen difficult novelists he has chosen to exemplify the "new direction" taken by French fiction since the Second World War.

I'm afraid, though, that most of those who work their way through the entire book—let's face it, they'll mostly be graduate students in French—will be left with the overriding impression that both the New Novel and the New New Novel *(le nouveau nouveau roman)* that has succeeded it consist chiefly of word games. Such novels as Roudiez chooses for analysis ought, one thinks, to be classified by librarians as structural linguistics rather than literature. Now, writing a novel is a painful business, as anybody who has ever tried to write one knows: your fingers get tired, your back gets tired, your brain gets tired, and sooner or later your emotions are aroused and then drained off into the work. Nobody, not even an ambitious young Frenchman who knows that success in literature can lead almost anywhere in France—to a soft job in government, to an undeserved reputation as a philosopher, to the beds of beautiful women—is going to undergo all that suffering more than once or twice just to produce language games.

Let me try to prove this by giving a poignant example from my own experience—not as an unpublished novelist, though I am that too—but as a critic. It so happens that I have written a book dealing with six of Roudiez's novelists plus Raymond Queneau. One of "our" authors is Robert Pinget, among the greatest fiction writers now alive. He loves to play games with words and has employed a dazzling array of fictional techniques, some at least being of his own invention. When a critic notices all these devices, he naturally can't resist pointing them out: the whole history of American criticism for the past forty years compels him to do so. Pinget reads English, so I showed him the first draft of my chapter on him, in which his technical virtuosity was grossly overemphasized. In reply I received a most eloquent letter, almost a cry of anguish. With Pinget's consent I published a passage from it in my book, though I'm afraid no English translation can do it justice. He protested that my approach neglected "the author's [his] passion for fictional creation, his obsession with the destinies of individuals, his being haunted by imagination and by the efforts required to fathom the only reality there is, his soul, and finally his limitless love of the French language." Balzac could hardly have written more romantically about the novelist's vocation. Pinget's letter influenced my whole book to such an extent that some reviewers seemed to feel I hadn't made a sharp enough distinction between the New Novel and the "old" one. So much the worse for them. The emotions from which literature arises remain the same, no matter how much its forms may seem to differ.

The only other full-length book on *le nouveau roman* in English besides Roudiez's and mine is John Sturrock's *The French New Novel.* (Incidentally, Sturrock reviewed my book anonymously in the London *Times Literary Supplement* and shafted it. We manage these things better in America: I have to sign my name to this review and an author's note tells you that I have written a rival book.) Sturrock, who discusses only Claude Simon, Michel Butor and Alain Robbe-Grillet, argues that every true New Novel is about the writing of a book or, more generally, about the creative process. He offers plenty of evidence in support of this thesis, but his insight, though partly true, has nothing to do with the newness of the New Novel. Proust and Gide, in *Remembrance of Things Past* and *The Counterfeiters,* wrote novels about the creative process or even the actual writing of the novel they were engaged on. *The Quest for Corvo* is a biography of the writing of a biography. Many poems by Mallarmé, Valéry, Eliot and others are essentially about their own making. Not only in literature but in painting and music too, this feeding of art upon itself is characteristic of the modern movement from about 1880 onward.

Exponents of structural linguistics would reach much further back, saying that *all* literature is generated by language and is in some sense *about* language. Roudiez suggests that some at least of his novelists are consciously exploiting such theories, whereas older writers unconsciously exemplified them. The concept of which he makes most frequent critical use is "intertextuality," based on the propositions that "Every text is built as a mosaic of quotations, every text is absorption and transformation of another text." The text that is absorbed and transformed may be that of another writer; it may even come from another art. To Butor, says Roudiez, "paintings and other works in the plastic arts are texts; landscapes are texts; the city of Bleston, in *L'Emploi du temps,* is a text that Revel needs to decipher." But the type of intertextuality that interests Roudiez most involves an author's absorption and transformation of another text written by himself. This text may come from elsewhere in the novel he is writing: Roudiez speaks of a passage in a work by Claude Ollier, *Law and Order,* as establishing "a kind of 'vocabulary fund' to be drawn from in later descriptions, of which there are about seventeen." (Note that tentative "about"; even critics who can count without using their fingers and toes meet pitfalls in discussing the New Novel. How can you ever be sure that you've spotted all the passages in which the same words are used?) Roudiez goes on to show that, as well as connecting parts of the same novel in this way, Ollier has absorbed and transformed his first three novels in the process of writing his

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fourth. "His first four works of fiction having been reorganized and revitalized, Ollier began planning the next four. None of those, obviously, could stand independently now that intertextuality was consciously assumed. Numbers 5, 6, and 7 are to be related to 1, 2, and 3; number 8 will be related both to number 4 and, presumably, to 5, 6, and 7."

Roudiez finds intertextuality in other novelists: notably Marc Saporta, Jean-Pierre Faye, Philippe Sollers and Jean Ricardou. Oddly enough, he does *not* find it in Claude Mauriac, perhaps the first writer to make conscious use of intertextuality in a series of novels. Roudiez dismisses *L'Agrandissement* (*The Enlargement*, not yet translated into English), fourth and last of the series, as "something of a letdown." Possibly when he read it he had not yet encountered the concept of intertextuality and thus failed to see that Mauriac here not only practices it but discusses it theoretically —without, admittedly, employing the word "intertextuality." *L'Agrandissement* absorbs and transforms its three predecessors, especially the third, *The Marquise Went Out at Five*. Published in 1963, it predates Ollier's fourth novel, *L'Echec de Nolan*, by four years.

One great virtue of *French Fiction Today: A New Direction* is its scope. As Roudiez admits in his introduction, not all the writers who might be considered as pointing in the new direction have been included; Queneau is a notable omission. But he does deal pretty thoroughly with three "generations"—three decades, really—of the new trend and even looks back to a forerunner, Raymond Roussel, whose most influential fiction was published in or before 1914. From this eccentric pre-World War I figure he leaps forward to Nathalie Sarraute, Maurice Blanchot, Samuel Beckett and Marguerite Duras, who all began to publish fiction during or just before World War II. These are followed by seven writers—Mauriac, Simon, Pinget, Robbe-Grillet, Ollier, Saporta, Butor—who belong to the recognized *nouveau roman* generation of the 1950s. The last three writers dealt with by Roudiez—Faye, Sollers, Ricardou—belong to the 1960s and *le nouveau nouveau roman*. I don't understand why Roudiez has put himself into the bind of arranging his chapters in strict chronological order according to the birth dates of the novelists: it means that Robbe-Grillet, for instance, is discussed after Mauriac and Simon, though his first experimental work predated theirs.

The author of any long biographical or critical work either grows more and more fascinated by his subject or grows more and more disillusioned with it;

DIANA: IN ANSWER TO A FAN LETTER

Dear Diana, you date your letter "Midnight"
and sign yourself "In love
from the Maximum Security Ward."
There is the postmark Berkeley, California.
That's all. Several other people live there,
and many must be named Diana. No hope
to write you then in return,
though I would like to know you, you and your meaning.
May I say that you sound slightly mad,
as who is not. Nothing in that against you.
"You speak," your letter said,
"our heart and soul and relieve us
from the pressure of the unspeakable."
Yet in your words I feel that pressure unrelieved.
I feel futility of written words—written or
spoken for that matter. I hear
the twisted hiss of your glance
fastened upon the moon
like a red-hot brand set to a block of ice.
I see your eager fingers
fashioning the letters on that paper,
a bold yet shy handwriting framing symbols
you think I might have a key to read.
Know this, Diana, I am a poet and with the poet's
intuition and yet a man with all
the sullen incomprehension of the brute.

Your skull. Oh, I can see that skull of yours
without the flesh, crimped in at the temples
frail across the brows.
I can see your lips, that should be full,
clenched tight and the faint drool
from the corners of your mouth.
If I met you, I should be afraid of you, Diana,
as you are of yourself.

The seconds prick pizzicati on your brain
and mine, Diana. The long grim
evenings fret their themes against your nerves,
no matter how deliberately you refuse
to pray a God you almost believe in
in your harsher moments.
Your itching armpits leer at you, Diana.
Death must come sometime but will not come tonight.

I read your plans, Diana,
carefully contrived theft of a capsule here and there,
get caught with only four saved up,
work of a month,
in the binding of a book. No chance henceforth,
nurses stand close by now, make certain that you swallow them.
Tried starvation once, after four days gave up.
Slashing your wrists—with what?—
seems far too violent.
Death comes not easy, O Diana,
comes not easy
yet will come with time.

Ramon Guthrie

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there seems to be no middle course. By and large, in writing on the New Novel I learned to appreciate it more and more, but I never reached the pitch of enthusiasm that Roudiez manifests for his team: "I believe that what some of them are doing is of greater moment than anything that has been written in the past. Anything." But what *are* they doing? According to Roudiez, "their work is now directed toward a subversion of literary and social structures by means of textual procedures." This indeed seems to be the view of their own work held by Sollers, Ricardou and other associates of the review *Tel Quel*. I wonder, though, whether Roudiez is interpreting correctly the more recent work of the older writers—Sarraute, Simon, Robbe-Grillet, Butor, Pinget, Ollier—that he is specifically referring to in the above quote. In any case, such a view of the power of literature smacks of verbal magic, which will in the end turn out to be mere hocus-pocus. A magical view of literature is not new in the modern period: many Symbolists held it long before the Surrealists arrived. It does not need to be refuted by logical argument. Reading the fiercely disillusioned pages of Arthur Rimbaud's *A Season in Hell* will suffice: for a time he believed literally in the magical power of words and almost destroyed his sanity as a result.

As I hinted at the beginning of this review, novelists write because they have to. Just as a mother may feel insecure and diminished without her children around her, a writer may feel so without his books or at any rate the process of writing. Few would go quite so far as to say with Sollers that "an author is not really the cause of what he writes, quite the contrary, he is its product," but most writers could understand what he means. Roudiez ends his book with a cryptic sentence from Sollers: *"He who will not write shall be written."* I assume this means that our interpretation of life, our very life itself, is largely molded by the language imposed on us by others—by the establishment in the last analysis. We can supposedly break the mold, however, and subvert not only literary but social structures by transforming this language. Well, it sounds a lot easier than seizing control of the means of production, but I'm afraid true revolutions aren't made that easily. □

The Banners Drowned in the Ebro

SPAIN! The Unfinished Revolution. *By Arthur H. Landis. Camelot Publishing Co. 451 pp. $8.*

ALVAH BESSIE
Mr. Bessie is a screen writer and novelist, the author of two books about the Spanish Civil War, and a veteran of the Abraham Lincoln Brigade.

In Catalonia, between the Ebro River and Gandesa, there is a small town called Corbera. It was bombed out of existence in the first week of August 1938, and if you visit it today you will find it exactly as the bombers left it, except that the dead in the ruins no longer smell and the broken furniture has disappeared. It had no military importance, but there is a plaque on a wall along the highway that says the town is under the protection of "the Administration of Devastated Areas." If you ask why it has never been rebuilt, most people will shrug and say they do not know, but others will say, "Paco wants it that way."

Paco is of course Francisco Franco, who will be 80 years old before this year is dead, and, like some ancient Pharaoh, has long since erected his personal tomb in The Valley of the Fallen. (It was built by Spanish Republican prisoners.) He has also named a Bourbon princeling to succeed him on the throne of Spain. That princeling and his bride have been received in the White House, just as Paco's staunch admirer who lives in that House has been received by the *Generalísimo* himself in his own palace in Madrid.

These facts, the brutal murder and unburied carcass of Corbera, the persistence in living of the *Generalísimo* and the ties of affecting friendship that run between Madrid and Washington—all are relevant to this latest history of the Spanish war. It is a history that is far more than simply another book to add to the library of some 14,000 volumes that have been written about that war since it did *not* end on April 1, 1939.

For one thing, Landis is a veteran of the war. For another, his qualifications as historian were soundly displayed in 1967 with his definitive history of American participation in that war—*The Abraham Lincoln Brigade*. His new book will enhance his reputation and may well prove to be this generation's history of that crucial struggle. And for these reasons: Landis has done his homework; this volume, like his previous history, is the product of years of work and tireless research —in several languages and from both sides of the struggle. He makes no claim to "objectivity" but insists that a fact is a fact, whatever its source. He is more than partisan—he is a passionate man with no toleration for liars even when they cloak themselves in "objectivity" or bear important names. And once he has found the facts, he nails the lies, the distortions, the half-truths and innuendos, proving that they are just that.

He is very much interested in showing that, on the basis of the facts, the war in Spain was indeed the purest cause we have known in our time; that it was precisely what it seemed to be to the majority of the Americans who supported the Spanish people and to the majority of the peoples of the world, 40,000 of whose sons volunteered to fight and die in that cause. He is interested in identifying the individuals, governments, economic strata, religious hierarchies and military cadres which plotted to destroy the second Spanish Republic that was born in 1931—and how they went about it, and with whose overt and tacit aid.

Neither his partisanship nor his passion has blinded him to the weaknesses of that Republic, to the errors it made, to the quarreling personalities who worked in it and disagreed honestly or hypocritically about how the war should be fought. He deals even-handedly with political parties and ideological forces that sometimes fought each other rather than the enemy, or refused to fight when a fight was on the agenda, or called for Socialist revolution and collective farms when neither was on the agenda. He weighs and reveals their strengths and their weaknesses, and he favors those who fought to win the war and condemns those who sabotaged it.

Landis finds it odd that our young people know nothing of the Spanish war except through what George Orwell wrote about it: ". . . a young man who spent a few brief months on an inactive war front, witnessed the clash of ideologies on the streets of Barcelona and then retired—knowing as little when he left as when he came." He is outraged by the revisionists who are still rewriting the history of the war and are attempting to prove many contradictory theses: for example, that with the exception of the Soviet Union, no major power in the world aided the Spanish Republic, but—it was the Soviet Union who "betrayed" the Republic. That the International Brigades were the staunchest soldiers the Republic had,

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but—they were dupes of the Communist International, they were betrayed by the very men who led them, and when they were not betrayed they were destroyed by incompetent leadership. That the Communist Party of Spain, which did not amount to a row of beans in 1936, increased its membership enormously thanks to its loyal adhesion to the Republic, but—that very loyal adhesion meant that it had "betrayed the revolution" the Anarchists and the POUM could have brought about!

Landis demonstrates that the revisionists and ultra-leftists (whose arguments, curiously enough, turn out to be identical with those of the Fascists) cannot have it both ways. His book is therefore the first in English to deal adequately with the complicated but actual roles played by the Soviet Union, Britain, France and the United States on an international scale, and those played by the Communist Party of Spain, the POUM and the Anarchists as well as the other political parties of the coalition. This new material alone would justify the labor and research that he has put into his work, and that has lifted it to a higher plane of reality than the histories of the Borkenaus, Hugh Thomases, Ebys and Felix Morrows of the past.

Of equal importance is the fact that Landis' minute examination of a struggle that represents a turning point of modern history—a struggle that was a civil war, a war of liberation and a revolution at one and the same time—is also enormously relevant to what is going on in the world today. For both the old and the New Left, the young people who have dropped out of the system, the innumerable splinter groups which are "revolutionary" without even having a program—all the forces opposed to the direction taken in recent times by our country both in domestic affairs and in what has been done abroad in our name—have much to learn from what went on in that other, small country more than thirty years ago. For it is not beyond the realm of possibility—making every allowance for the difference between this great country and that small one—that in the near future we may well be faced with situations that will demand our united resistance to imperialist adventure abroad and vicious repression at home.

Should this come about, thanks to the continued presence in the White House of the most consciously reactionary President we have endured since Herbert Hoover, we will be able to learn much from the mistakes the Republic made, as well as from its achievements: what kinds of compromises must be made and what kinds must not; how to achieve unity in the face of oppression and how it cannot be achieved; how democratic theory and democratic practice are indivisible; and how reaction, in the name of law and order and the "free-enterprise" system, can and must be fought. □

The Puzzle of People

MARRIAGES AND INFIDELITIES. *By Joyce Carol Oates. The Vanguard Press. 497 pp. $7.95.*

CHARLES LAM MARKMANN

Mr. Markmann, a frequent contributor, is a journalist, critic, novelist and translator. His latest book is The Buckleys, *which will be published in 1973 by William Morrow & Co.*

The marriages in these twenty-four new stories by Joyce Carol Oates are not always certified, as the infidelities are not always made flesh. Nor indeed are all the marriages of the kind that can be certified, or all the infidelities of the kind that can be made flesh. What concerns Miss Oates here, as in her earlier volumes of stories and in her novels, is essentially what one of her characters in this book calls "this puzzle of people!—what have they to do with one another?"

This is or ought to be indeed and obviously the basic concern of all fiction, all drama. Sometimes, however, though not always intentionally, it is almost concealed, if not buried, by authors with tricks to show, messages to deliver, doctrines to animate, abstractions to personify, answers to proffer. Endowed, however, with the wisdom of the artist, which is in the end a distillation, a refinement of the wisdom of life, Miss Oates is never seduced from the sometimes desolating truth that there are fewer answers to give than questions to consider, and that neither problems nor abstract ideas—any more than vast social tides and counter-tides—can be much separated from the puzzle of people and the riddles of their real relations to one another.

Marriages and Infidelities, however, is the most uneven collection of her stories yet to be published, and the more frustrating to the reader in that it immediately follows the sustained high quality of virtually all the stories in *The Wheel of Love* (1970). The envious and the simplistic will "explain" everything by saying that the lady writes too much too fast; but this does not really explain anything. And, besides, what are "too much" and "too fast," and who is to decide? That is the kind of criticism one would expect from a computer. It is about as valid as concentrating on Miss Oates's irritatingly consistent misuse of "lay" for "laid." One wishes she would master the difference; but there is rather more to her than that.

There are a few stories in this book—"Problems of Adjustment in Survivors of Natural/Unnatural Disasters," "Normal Love," "Loving/Losing/Loving A Man"—that are the old Oates at her best. And there is one, "The Metamorphosis," that is a new and even better Oates; we shall come back to these. But there are too many that represent other new but worse Oateses. One is the Oates who is consciously and doggedly literary (*vide* certain titles: "The Lady With the Pet Dog," "The Turn of the Screw," "The Dead") and who obtrudes the construction and the fiction (for instance, in "The Children") as jarringly and as fatally as Ingmar Bergman interrupts and shatters *The Passion of Anna* with the actors' occasional vivisections of their roles. Then there is the Oates who has decided suddenly that she must be topical, "relevant"—so immediate that even her art, her technical virtuosity and her exquisite perceptions cannot save a story like "Plot" from being no more than a cross between a *Life* piece on "the drug scene" and a psychiatric social worker's case notes. There is finally the Oates of the novels, who is not really a new Oates except in the shorter genre: the Oates who cannot resist the gothic at its most luxuriant, who (it almost seems) believes that there can be no suffering without physical violence and that this is part of every life, who slides (unknowingly?) into the trap of shock play: "Did You Ever Slip on Red Blood?" is the affair between an FBI man and the stewardess/hostage whom he saw for the first time in the telescopic sight of his rifle as he was killing the hijacker who was holding her captive.

All this is the more infuriating in an artist who can crystallize some of the most elusive of inner experiences. The rich, "successful" man in "Love and Death" unexpectedly encounters a boyhood love, now down at heel, and is embarrassed because "she looked so shabby, so sad, and there was no failure of his own that he could offer her." There is the couple who "embraced each other, as people do, in order to ignore the walls of their houses"; there is "the shame of

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men for the terror of women"; there is "the sacred space around all men, a few feet of air." One who has this talent, these perceptions worthy of Virginia Woolf, is under a greater obligation than the run of writers. It is to them that such an artist should leave the tricks, the crudities, the obeisance to "now."

For there are times, as she loses herself in the "puzzle of people" and what they have to do with one another, when Miss Oates equals or outdoes even D. H. Lawrence in the delicacy of her feeling —as in "The Children," a story marred nevertheless by the self-conscious reminders that a writer is writing a story. Nothing of the sort, however, impairs the authentic, rich intricacy of "Problems of Adjustment in Survivors of Natural/Unnatural Disasters," the contrapuntal balance of survivals—survival of a bad marriage, of the trauma of an earthquake, of German Europe. This is Miss Oates at her best: all art, no artifice. This, like "Normal Love" and a few others, is a story that works because its inherent logic is inexorable—in contrast to too many pieces in this volume that in part or in whole betray their own truths, as if the integrity of any work of art could with impunity be modified at whim.

It is this integrity, when it is not resisted, that is largely responsible for the effectiveness of Miss Oates's characterizations. Whether we "like" a character in fiction is not of much importance (we do not always "like" those characters in our lives who are the most memorable, the most essential). It is part of Miss Oates's art at its best that, whether or not we "like" her people, we can never disown them, we can never be sure that we are ourselves better or worse or different. "Loving/Losing/Loving a Man" is a simple enough story—simple enough to be as unchallengeable as fate in a Greek play. A woman's lover is dying in a hospital where she visits him daily; one day, when the hour is up and her sense of loss is at its height, his friend leaves with her, assuring her how much the dying man needs her love and her presence. In her distraction she almost walks in front of a bus, and the friend yanks her back with a shout, then drives her home; and there is sudden peace in the acceptance of the loss and the new love. It is, after all, not fortuitous that death is often the spur of desire.

I said that "The Metamorphosis" is a new and better Oates. Its progression is as inexorable as that of "Loving/Losing/Loving a Man"; but its matter and indeed its manner are quite different. A middle-aged automobile salesman is daydreaming in the showroom on a dull day, and his daydream is one that he does not want to remember yet cannot escape: "A dream about sleep. There had been a body, a kind of mummy, lying very still beneath heavy covers." Then he takes a customer's telephone inquiry, a routine affair, and he has suddenly a sense of falling. He leaves for home, for what becomes his deathbed. The story is told in counterpoint: from Matt's point of view and from his baffled children's.

As in the classic drama, neither violence nor death occurs on stage. And this is a new mode in Miss Oates's writing: one in which, though she loses nothing of her intensity, there is at the same time a new control, a classic detachment. In her previous book of stories, *The Wheel of Love*, there was one that foreshadowed what she has achieved here, "Convalescing," the story of a man who (probably) will never quite recover from an almost fatal car accident. In that story, as in "The Metamorphosis," not much "happens" after the accident: there are no bizarreries, no sustenance for the vicarious sadist and masochist. The drama is all inside these protagonists—the accident victim of "Convalescing" and the stricken salesman of "The Metamorphosis"—and their families. It is as if Miss Oates in the short story had tried and then more nearly perfected the vivid psychic drama of which Eric Rohmer has shown such mastery in film, in his *Six contes moraux*.

One could wish that Miss Oates had not chosen to publish some of the stories in this new book: the artist is not obliged to expose all his experiments. At the same time this is not to imply any diminution of her rank among American short-story writers. On the contrary, the successes in this book, most notably "The Metamorphosis," offer every incitement to impatience for more and to expectation of even better. □

War & Heroin—an Expensive Habit

THE POLITICS OF HEROIN IN SOUTHEAST ASIA. *By Alfred W. McCoy, with Cathleen B. Read and Leonard P. Adams II. Harper & Row. 464 pp. $10.95.*

BRUCE M. RUSSETT
Mr. Russett teaches political science at Yale University.

Most Americans used to think that the costs of an interventionist foreign policy were low. For relatively small expenditures of foreign aid money, arms, or occasionally the presence of American troops, one could build bastions of the Free World all around the globe. Anti-Communist governments in the underdeveloped countries could be supported or created, and anti-Communist politicians subsidized. Indeed, as in the Shan states of Burma or the Indonesian islands, separatist forces could be encouraged—if the ruling government could not be overthrown, or at least persuaded to move in desired directions. Some of these efforts might also bring enlightened governments and policies to the countries in question. Others would succeed at the cost of strengthening or imposing corrupt, oligarchic, reactionary governments. Many others would fail, at the cost of death and misery for the peoples who lived in those distant countries. But the costs to the United States would be minimal, easily tolerated by the world's richest power. And those small costs to us seemed far preferable to living in a world of Communist or neutralist-nationalist states.

Our innocence about the costs of an interventionist foreign policy has been lost in the wake of Indochina. Even if we could (as many still would) ignore the costs of our war to the wretched peoples of that area, we now have felt some substantial costs to ourselves. Fifty-six thousand young Americans dead, $200 billion spent, an economy and foreign trade balance badly out of kilter, intense strains on our domestic, social and political system—these we now recognize as part of the price we pay. In this new book Alfred McCoy and his associates show us another cost, very possibly the grimmest of all, resulting from our addiction to interventionism: the heroin plague.

Drug addiction has of course been a curse of men for many centuries, and the United States has had thousands of heroin addicts since about sixty years ago. Neither the CIA nor Dean Rusk nor Henry Kissinger invented heroin addiction. But every designer, executor, or enthusiast for an interventionist foreign policy (and that includes me and probably you in our less-enlightened days) contributed by failing to know or to care much about the more subtle consequences of that policy.

As McCoy points out, there were around 20,000 addicts in the United States in 1946; the best estimates are that the figures then grew to about

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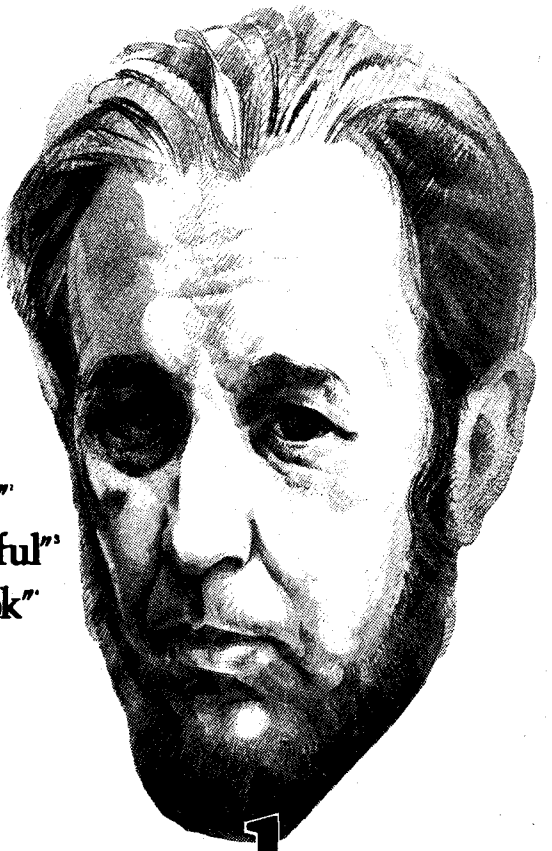
57,000 in 1965, 315,000 in 1969, and 560,000 in 1971. The avalanche of addiction was made possible by an evil combination of supply and demand. Demand means the ability of American drug consumers to pay high prices, social conditions feeding the desire for an escape, and the enthusiasm of pushers prepared to distribute free samples generously. Under such circumstances the market will grow as fast as supply will permit. The supply comes from abroad: formerly from Turkey and Iran, now largely from Southeast Asia—60 to 70 per cent of the world's illicit opium from the "Golden Triangle" of Burma, Laos and Thailand. It is grown by peasants, shipped to the United States and distributed by Corsican and Mafia underworld gangs, and moved from the peasants to the gangs with the assistance of such friendly Freedom Fighters as Gen. Phoumi Nosavan of Laos, and Ngo Dinh Diem and Air Marshal Nguyen Cao Ky of South Vietnam. After enormous and carefully documented exposition McCoy finds that the United States:

> . . . has acquired enormous power in the region. And it has used this power to create new nations where none existed, handpick prime ministers, topple governments, and crush revolutions. But U.S. officials in Southeast Asia have always tended to consider the opium traffic a quaint local custom and have generally turned a blind eye to official involvement. . . . However, American involvement has gone far beyond coincidental complicity; embassies have covered up involvement by client governments, CIA contract airlines have carried opium, and individual CIA agents have winked at the opium traffic.

This important book should not be interpreted as a piece of yellow journalism or as an exposé of scandals in the CIA. It details none of the classic sort of corruption for personal enrichment on the part of CIA men or of any other U.S. Government officials (though there is plenty on the part of the locals). The corruption is of a more subtle sort, stemming from the enthusiasm of "good" men for doing a good job. The job was defined as halting communism; the choice of means or of allies was not so important. One worked with the tools available. If this meant Corsican gangs in Marseilles, the Mafia in Sicily, or opium runners and their accomplices in Southeast Asia, that was just the way it had to be. In any case, it usually seemed to be the citizens of the countries far away, not Americans, who paid the price of such alliances. Until 1970, for instance, opium grown in the Golden Triangle stayed almost entirely in Southeast Asia for Southeast Asians. Only in that spring did the great flood of heroin to GIs in Vietnam begin, and only later still did it start to flow directly to the United States. And it was not until that time that senior officials in the U.S. Government decided that the Southeast Asian heroin trade should be suppressed.

McCoy and his colleagues show us, convincingly, that the heroin trade grew with the acquiescence and sometimes with the assistance of men in our government. Without our government's history of single-minded anti-communism, and of meddling in the politics of foreign lands, our government and our people would now have a heroin problem of much smaller proportions. Official American complicity in the drug trade has to stop. No matter how much some cold-warrior leaders may like the foreign policy of a particular foreign government, if that government is condoning heroin traffic, American military and economic aid should be withdrawn. The



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Alexander Solzhenitsyn

Winner of the 1970 Nobel Prize for Literature

AUGUST 1914

Translated by Michael Glenny

1 JOHN K. HUTCHENS, *Book-of-the-Month Club News*
2 ANATOLE SHUB, *International Herald Tribune*
3 SIMON KARLINSKY, front page, *N. Y. Times Book Review*
4 CHRISTOPHER LEHMANN-HAUPT, *New York Times*
5 G. E. MURRAY, *Chicago Sun-Times*

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result may indeed be the toppling of a few nominally "anti-Communist" governments in Southeast Asia or elsewhere, but the costs of not withdrawing aid must be faced openly. In the past election campaign many Republicans slyly accused the Democratic Presidential candidate of being soft on acid. But the Nixon Administration's foreign policy (like that of its predecessors) is a direct cause, far more grave than any alleged permissiveness on the part of its opponents, of the plague that besets us.

The sins of the fathers will be visited on the children, even to the third generation. But while it is essential to identify guilt (which is very broadly spread) and to vow to sin no more, this is precisely the point at which one should not get carried away with indignation. A cure for the disease may not be so simple as eliminating the initial conditions of exposure. If someone has a heart attack it will not save him merely to stop eating butter and eggs—though a change in his eating habits may be one essential condition of recovery.

McCoy's peroration: "The American people will have to choose between supporting doggedly anti-Communist governments in Southeast Asia or getting heroin out of their high schools," is too simple. It is the cry of someone horrified both at American foreign policy and at the heroin problem it has magnified—but not that of an analyst who can show us the way out. If opium is not grown in the Golden Triangle, it can be produced in scores of other spots from Turkey to the China Sea, or for that matter on any continent. McCoy actually knows this full well, as a curious footnote on pages 442-43 shows. For that matter, cocaine is a fair substitute for heroin, and chemists can readily manufacture synthetic opiates. It is impossible to imagine circumstances under which the illicit supply of drugs could possibly be cut off, or even tightened drastically. Neither production nor distribution can be ended simply by putting pressure on other governments. With billions of dollars in profits to be made, there are plenty of corrupt people in the world ready to make those profits, and to bribe officials to look away.

American Government officials try to delude us with reports of smuggling attempts foiled and pounds of heroin seized —out of the tons which supply the American market. McCoy, a dedicated foe of contemporary American foreign policy, tries to use the record of official complicity in the heroin trade to bring that foreign policy down. However worthy the goal, that alone will not destroy the heroin trade. Ultimately Americans will have to ask still harder questions, about social conditions that breed addiction and about the legalization of narcotics. There was a time when we might not have had to face these questions, but now any lesser effort is just a snare. □

Tall Order on the Tube

ABOUT TELEVISION. *By Martin Mayer. Harper & Row. 434 pp. $10.*

FOSTER HIRSCH
Mr. Hirsch has written for The Village Voice, Rolling Stone *and* Shakespeare Quarterly, *and is at work on a book about Tennessee Williams.*

Martin Mayer's study of television is billed as "the full story—the people and places; the technology, talent and money —of the spectacular machine that changed everyone's life." That's a tall order, and part of the unsatisfactoriness of the book arises from the fact that it tries to cover too much ground. Here is a general history of the development and the policies of local, network and cable television; the procedures and the significance of rating systems and advertising; behind-the-scenes glimpses of production (*Sesame Street,* the evening news). Mayer offers some observations on the quality of programming. He gives parenthetical evaluations of the audiences for particular shows. He even presents something in the way of a technological history of the medium. Madison Avenue hobnobs with Beverly Hills, Wall Street mingles with Burbank. A little economics, a little popular culture, a little aesthetics, a little science, a little politics: the book's concerns are too diffuse, the yields too small.

Not that Mayer isn't a genuine student of his subject—his research is meticulous. But he has not ordered the results of his investigations judiciously enough, nor has he always emphasized the facts that most invite emphasis. For instance, he tells me more than I ever wanted to know about the entangled relationships between networks and advertisers; he provides, in essence, an entire history of television advertising. I realize that television is a money-making operation and that financial pressures inevitably affect the kinds of programs we are offered, but Mayer spends so much time detailing the mechanics of advertising rates, he is so absorbed by the economics of it all, that he ends up slighting the programming which the advertising supports.

In the same way he gives us a great deal of detail about the ways and means of the ratings systems. What emerges from the author's exhaustive research is a high-toned elaboration of the obvious: advertising and ratings systems may be treacherous, are certainly nuisances, but they are essential to the operation of the big business which is television.

Preoccupied as he is with the corporation mentality of the medium, Mayer treats too briefly the aspect of his subject which is necessarily of special interest to the majority of his readers—television as reflector and molder of popular taste. Detained by executive machinations, Mayer neglects to develop an aesthetic viewpoint, which is just what would give the book the shape and structure it very much needs. I can't really say, after having read 400 pages of Mayer's sober prose, exactly what he thinks about television as an artistic medium; I'm not even sure if he thinks "art" and "television" are mutually exclusive terms. He admits he doesn't watch much television, and though he does not readily offer opinions about specific programs, he seems equally scornful of the highbrow cultural hour and the likes of *Green Acres* and *Beverly Hillbillies.* Though he doesn't have much use for it himself, he seems to accept television as fulfilling the necessary functions of providing mass entertainment and instant journalism. Mayer is not out to flay the medium for disregarding its educational and cultural possibilities, nor is he eager to congratulate it on its popular successes. Neither particularly pleased nor displeased with the status quo, Mayer writes with what is, under the circumstances, a disconcerting objectivity. If he doesn't particularly care whether television is any good, or if it can be any better, what exactly is his motive for writing a book on the subject? Like the executives with whom he has talked, Mayer seems efficient and practical; yet it appears to me that this detached investigative reporting misses the heart of the subject.

As an antidote to Mayer's book I recommend a collection of essays by Harlan Ellison entitled *The Glass Teat.* Now, Ellison is a jumpy radical. He is wildly, sometimes impertinently personal. He struts before us in his roles of sexual and political activist. He nudges us with accounts of his run-ins with a parochial establishment. Paranoid, egocentric, proffering all the right opinions to his readers in *The Los Angeles Free Press,* Ellison nevertheless

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confronts his subject head-on. He battles with the mindlessness of the standard situation comedy, he goes after the shows of would-be relevance like *Mod Squad* and *Julia,* he skewers Left-baiting news commentators. A scriptwriter himself, Ellison tells us what it's like to prepare a script to the exacting and ritualized formula of a prime-time "dramatic" series.

For all his theatrics, Ellison is likable, and I learned something from his book. Mayer, in contrast, seems awfully cold. He has written a book about television in which the mere mention of a *Marcus Welby, M.D.,* or a Johnny Carson or a *Let's Make a Deal* seems like slumming. Yes, television is big money and rates per minutes and executive decisions in executive dining rooms, but it's also *The Brighter Day* and Ed Sullivan and Arlene Francis and *Strike It Rich* and *Father Knows Best* and Dick Clark. Mayer never really gets close enough to any show to explore the kinds of questions which I think ought to be explored: Why does a particular show succeed or fail? How does it connect to its intended audience? How does it conform to and depart from the conventions of its genre? What does its success or failure tell us about American TV watchers and beyond that about the quality of American life? □

DANCE

NANCY GOLDNER

Balanchine's *Violin Concerto* was one of the highlights of the New York City Ballet's Stravinsky Festival last June. It was on the first program of the festival and was preceded by another new Balanchine "great," the *Symphony in Three Movements.* So there we were on that opening gala night, without bearings, when we were hit on the head by two blockbusters. Again on an opening program, this time of the City Ballet's winter season at the State Theatre (November 14) *Violin Concerto* was the first of the festival ballets to stand stripped of the festival context. It is as wonderful as it first seemed, and now one knows that *Violin Concerto* dazzles because it is dazzling, not because, in part, it takes you unawares.

The ballet is in four sections and is twenty-two minutes long. The first section, in eight parts, each overlapping into the next, introduces the cast. First the two female principals (Kay Mazzo and Karin von Aroldingen) dance, each backed up by four men. Then the two men principals (Peter Martins and Jean-Pierre Bonnefous) dance, each backed up by four women. The process is repeated for the next four dances, except that each is done by one sex. The setup is orderly and controlled, even a little starched. In contrast is choreography that at times threatens to explode through sheer momentum and accumulative impact of entrances and exits.

Tension, due in part to this contrast, is felt from the start. The curtain rises and the music begins. Mazzo and group stand alertly in stage center but do not move a muscle, while Stravinsky is off and running. You sit poised, then anxious: when will they begin to dance to music that begs for dancing? In a few seconds (which did not grow shorter on second viewing), Mazzo does begin, by kicking her legs a little to the back of her while her arms fly up above her head. The movement is done with great care—the steps go at such a fast clip that there is no time for wasteful movement—yet there is something casual, even haphazard, about the kick. It is beyond the encased shape of a classical *pas,* yet it has equal stature. It becomes as important, as much of a self-contained "structure" as, say, an arabesque. That kick is a forecast for the rest of the ballet. *Violin Concerto* is without formal steps, while the superstructure is quite formal. (It is telling that the dancers stand still in the good old center of the stage. Balanchine throws curve balls by creating a more or less stepless ballet, but he is brave, honest, and magician enough to twist only the ordinary into new shapes—whether it be the way a leg is raised or the dancers are placed. And he will not broadcast his innovative intentions by way of trite clues, such as asymmetrical placement of dancers.)

Instead of making a series of *pas,* even the most flowing of series, the dancers literally move. They kick and prance. Jumps are primarily functional rather than feats of elevation; they are a way to cover a lot of territory, quickly. One of the most exciting moments in the first part occurs when four boys elongate a usually small jump so that they travel across the stage in one leap. It is repeated four times, the men making a square on the edges of the stage with incredible speed. Most of the dancing, however, is tight and small, which also contributes a tension. For in counterpoint to the gustlike speed and momentum of entrances and exits is a persistent tick, tick, tick. The dancers stay close together, for one thing. The ensemble works in complicated counterpoint with the soloist. They move obviously on counts, very fast counts, like the smallest, most sophisticated parts of a machine. The more you watch, the more amplified and insistent the "ticking" becomes, but it remains within the generalized energy. These two distinct motors run at full capacity but never cancel each other. Their coexistence is precarious, but they never collide and explode.

The final section, for the entire cast, has even fewer steps and is squeezed down to only the ticks. It is done practically in place. The idea, I think, was to create the appearance of movement or energy through the dancers' syncopation with the music and each other. Groups of limbs move against each other. While the soloists are sliding, prancing and two-stepping up front, the ensemble shifts weight from one leg to another, turns one knee inward and outward, raises the arm up and back to over the heart, rotates the wrist palm outward, palm inward. It is the most visual music composition Balanchine has ever choreographed, and to do it he had to discombobulate bodies and manipulate the ensemble to a degree he has never attempted before. The point is not the dancing but the contrapuntal energy made by slightly moving joints. The statement that Balanchine makes you see music has had the truth of a metaphor, but in this section he really does it. To orchestrate literally the score with arms and legs and shifting masses of material (bodies) was a bold and successful experiment. But the idea was sometimes carried out in folk motif, and this I found a bit coy. Perhaps Balanchine was making a joke about Stravinsky's Russianisms. He would have done better to let the folk bit slip by, finding instead less evident analogies, as when the group breaks into a kind of Indian war dance for a moment at the end. Now that was unexpected, showed a wonderfully whacky imagination, and was entirely appropriate to the music.

Balanchine's duets are about the human condition, and the two in *Violin Concerto* are no exception; they are exceptionally stirring, however. The first, for von Aroldingen and Bonnefous, is unhappy and tortuous. Never has so much bodily contact been achieved so unnaturally, against the laws of simplicity, against the will of the dancers, and even against standards of good taste (von Aroldingen does a hand stand to disengage from one embrace). As their

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limbs interlock, their faces are turned in opposite directions. They struggle to unlock at the very moments when they are going through contortions to embrace. The duet has some of the frustration of Balanchine's Orpheus-Eurydice duet as he is leading her from Hades under the stipulation that he not look at her. That is frustrated love. This one is neurotic love. These dancers choose not to look at each other, though the positions of their bodies demand it. As a result, they are always out of kilter and under a certain amount of physical strain. At the end, in one of the few instances where hands touch, he promenades her. He walks backward with hips thrust forward. He staggers, being in an ungainly position and burdened by her bigness, among other things. He sinks to the floor and on his way down fleetingly bows his head before the giant standing above him. He rolls on his back and she towers above, but no one has won this contest. Too much self-defeating struggle and too much unharmonious energy has been expended. The duet is the last word on the futility of ambivalence.

The duet for Mazzo and Martins has some inward turns of the legs, full turnings away, and agitated interweavings of the hands, yet it is supple and supremely graceful. As of this writing, the dance strikes me as being "about" a choreographer and a ballerina. Martins rotates Mazzo, walks her, activates her. She responds (she moves) under his insistence and direction. The partnership is beautiful because he manipulates her correctly and because she (quietly) abandons herself to him. She leans back against him and ever so carefully moves one foot in front of the other, while he turns her body so that she is moving toward us, always at a striking angle. He pivots her this way and that, finding the multifaceted aspect of her line. When he is not by her, she is still, waiting but unworried. The unorthodox, "unharmonious" aspects of her movements —flexed feet, sudden collapses in the legs and torso, and the like—are smoothly resolved. They become testaments to the couple's knowledge of each other as dancers; by extension, to an intimacy and sympathy between two people. At the end, he cradles her with one arm and slowly rocks her from side to side. His free arm reaches outward and draws in, in time to the rocking. It is an image of mutual love, until one realizes that she is totally passive. This love scene is, indeed, an image, and he is the image maker. The idea is clinched when, in the last moment, he stands behind her, tilts her head backward, and covers her eyes with his hand. She is now sightless (mindless), but she looks beautiful enough to convince one that to be a perfect instrument of someone else's imagination is no small achievement. □

THE BLUE FOREST

Then you become a deer,
soft-faced, crazy.
You are afraid.
I am the glint
of a hunter's
half-rusted weapon.
You watch me move.

You are a deer
making love to me—
tawny, spotted and thin,
in the grace
of long legs.

We are sweat and tongue-wet,
out of and into
the blue, unfinishing
forest.

Deborah Tall

THEATRE

HAROLD CLURMAN

I have never been able to share Joseph Wood Krutch's opinion that *Mourning Becomes Electra* is the best American play written up to the time of its original production in 1931. In fact, though I read and saw it at the time and have seen it on several occasions since, it has never impressed me, except by its ambitious scope and weight. On seeing it again, intelligently staged and acted, at the new Circle in the Square on West 50th Street, I find it, as before, chiefly a Freudian graph on "classic" themes.

O'Neill's dogged earnestness, his old-time theatre sense and the sincerity of his impulse save the play from becoming dull. I kept waiting to be moved, but never was. There is in it a will to grandeur, an attempt to grapple with universally human motivations, but these high aims are never achieved.

Mourning Becomes Electra, O'Neill once wrote, is "a psychological drama of lust." (That reminds me of what an Italian lady once suggested as a title for *Desire Under the Elms*: "Love in a Cold Country.") O'Neill's struggle with the residue of puritanism within him—complicated by a mother fixation—dominates the play. It is the butt of his scorn, an incubus verbally and thematically expressed, but the heat of lust is absent. What blocks it is his own puritanism. Sex is often said to be obsessive in O'Neill—it is no doubt his anxiety —but one rarely feels any throb of sensuousness in his writing. It is strenuously sought, hardly ever found. It hides itself, as in a dream, somewhere on a remote island.

More potently present in the play is O'Neill's haunting conviction that a dark and pernicious fate hangs over him and over all of us. That is most organically created in his finest play, *Long Day's Journey Into Night*: the sentiment is for the most part schematic, or *willed*, in *Mourning Becomes Electra*. O'Neill himself was sure that *he* was fated, and there is much in his personal history to show that he wished to prove it. He desired his doom.

The play is well constructed in a conventional way, but except in the early scenes the writing is flat, awkwardly and painfully in search of poetic elevation. O'Neill wrote in a letter to Krutch: "Oh for a language to write drama in! For a speech that is dramatic and not just conversation. I'm so straitjacketed by writing in terms of talk. I'm so fed up with the dodge-questions of dialect. But where to find that language?" He did not find it in *Mourning Becomes Electra*. In several of his other plays he managed in his own special way to approach his goal, but it is to be noted that in crucial moments he helped himself in *Desire Under the Elms* by a passage from the "Song of Songs" and in *Long Day's Journey* by citations from various poets: Dowson, Francis Thompson, Edward Fitzgerald, Baudelaire and others. O'Neill's best plays were wrought from his life; *Mourning Becomes Electra* is fashioned from his reading.

All this is not to say that I hold O'Neill in little esteem. On the contrary, I admire him. He essayed great themes, he probed certain basic elements of American life, he wrote from his own tortured experience, he had courage and absolute honesty. All of which, and the artistic success of a number of his plays, in addition to his resolve not to compromise with the triviality of routine theatre, keep him to this day the most important of our dramatists.

When the Theatre Guild planned the first production of *Mourning Becomes Electra*, it was submitted to George Abbott for direction. When the Guild board asked him how he would direct it, he answered in his plain fashion, "As a melodrama." The board was shocked: what, this epic work a melodrama! Abbott was right. It should not be forgotten, however, that, as in many melodramas, the play calls for great acting. The acting at the Circle in the

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Square is, as I have indicated, clean and intelligent; there is hardly a bad performance. But very few of our present actors possess the emotional intensity, the breadth of background, the depth of adversity and struggle, the sturdiness of fiber, the *largeness* to meet O'Neill's challenge.

Colleen Dewhurst as Christine Mannon (Clytemnestra) in her staunch simplicity and gravity of intention comes closest to the needed impact of her role. She is at her best in the final moments of fear and torment preceding her suicide. She should use more vocal projection to compensate for the uncertain acoustics of the house, which is at least twice the size of the former Circle in the Square.

Pamela Payton-Wright as Lavinia Mannon (Electra) is a lovely actress of subdued sensibility. Considering her native endowment of modest and muted lyricism, she does admirably in assuming the frigid mask the character's hatred of her mother imposes on her. But after her revenge has been accomplished, when she is said to become, like her mother, powerfully concupiscent, Miss Payton-Wright reverts to her own self, sweetly and innocently girlish.

I found Stephen McHattie's Orin Mannon (Orestes) too querulously "mama's boy." Orin's attachment to his mother need not be read as hysterical weakness. Infirmity of character, hypersensitivity, even neurosis, may still bear a virile aspect. Orin should always retain some of the Mannon forcefulness. William Hickey is pointedly effective in a minor role, a sort of counterpart to the "messenger" of the old drama.

Something of an injustice has been done to *The Secret Affairs of Mildred Wild* (Ambassador Theatre). True, the script in its material is a one-joke piece but there is more to it than that. Paul Zindel, its author, has a penchant and a knack for depicting the lower-class grotesques who populate the periphery of our city. There are several such sleazy personages in the new play, chiefly Mildred Wild who is addicted to the romance of vintage movies, because she can find it nowhere in her husband's Greenwich Village candy store.

The injustice I speak of is the failure to realize that what we see on the stage is not Zindel's admittedly skimpy script but a totality created through the person of Maureen Stapleton. Miss Stapleton brings a purity of woundedness, an ingenuous desperation, which is as pathetic as it is comic. Her Mildred is a silly woman, yes, but she is a woman betrayed by an environment so devoid of emotional nourishment that only the shadow of love and colorful excitement in celluloid fantasies can supply her with a semblance of gratification. What Miss Stapleton makes real, touching and oddly funny is the texture of warm sentience and hunger for a mite of true living even in the most benighted and addlepated of creatures. That is the real play in *The Secret Affairs of Mildred Wild.* □

ART

LAWRENCE ALLOWAY

Adolf Gottlieb's paintings of 1970-72 (Marlborough Gallery) are of two main types. There are variations on the Burst series, started in 1957, vertical canvases in which an upper disc and a lower amorphous form are paired; and Imaginary Landscapes, horizontal canvases with multiple solar discs and a fairly continuous ground plane. In "Drift," an orange disc and a black patch—painted partly by deft paint-trails and partly by pressures of the hand—are set against a smooth field of Indian red. In "Pewter," a blue disc and a brown bar are ranked on a cloudy gray field and almost fused with the atmospheric turbulence of the background. In "Two Bars," a dark green disc emerges, slowly as it were, from a green field above a distinct blue-white bar and an orange one. In "Ochre and Gold," two different yellows persuade subtle forms, one like an aureole, one like a splash, out of a third yellow, the background color of the whole canvas. In all these paintings Gottlieb is in sweet control of both spectrally close and contrasting colors.

Some of the upright pictures are thin, some broad, and the horizontals are often shorter than the early Imaginary Landscapes. Both series, therefore, include pictures which shift toward the square, a centered, nondirectional format that Gottlieb handles with acute visual judgment. To my eye the Imaginary Landscapes constitute the less satisfactory of the two groups because of the frequent dominance of black. Although the canvases are large, and the black flows like a giant's shorthand, its crispness against the colors is oversimple, neat but light, reminiscent of Gottlieb's graphics rather than sufficient for a fully developed painting.

It is clear that American artists produce the most handsome painting in the world, and Gottlieb's new work is a secure part of this accomplishment. In his paintings the interplay of peaceful

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and vivacious areas of color, the combination of simple image and autographic handling are exemplary. However, that is not what Gottlieb started out to do. In the 1940s, during his Pictograph period, he worked according to different technical criteria. "I adopted the term pictograph for my painting out of a feeling of disdain for the accepted notions of what a painting should be," Gottlieb wrote. "I decided that to acquiesce in the prevailing conception of what constituted 'good painting' meant the acceptance of an academic straitjacket." At the time, "good painting" meant the School of Paris or its derivatives and one of the ways to get away from it was by acts of reduction. This took many forms in Abstract Expressionism in the 1940s, but typical reductive steps were Pollock's drip paintings—in which linear tracks overlapped with sufficient frequency to become color masses, Newman's concentration on fields of a single color, and Kline's and Motherwell's reliance on black as a color. By physically limiting the means of painting, they could contrast their own voluntary poverty with the luxurious means of their predecessors. The competition was thus assigned an embarrassment of riches in the form of unquestioned aesthetic conventions.

So total was the success of Abstract Expressionism that it has changed from a *brut* style to a canon of painterly quality. Who, lately, has painted more beguilingly than Rothko? By comparison with Gorky, Pollock, Newman, Rothko, Gottlieb and Motherwell, Cubism is finicky, Expressionism coarse, and Surrealism clumsy. Gorky's achievement is to the point here: he transferred to large-scale painting the program of automatism developed by Surrealism, but which as practiced by the Surrealists remained graphic—linear and small scale rather than fluently painted. Gorky moved improvisation into handsome painting and, in another way, so did Pollock. Thus, it is not simply that the Abstract Expressionists' reduced means became learned skills with practice; there was also a potential for elegance in their highly developed painterliness.

In my column of November 20 I mentioned the two-way influence between Miró and New York artists. Miró's debt has been made clear but the American obligation has not yet been studied. One example can be given here with reference to Gottlieb. His flat ellipses spaced across the sky section of the Imaginary Landscapes, appear to derive from such a Miró as "Painting," 1930 (Number 36 in the current Guggenheim Museum exhibition). Two large irregular ovals side by side but not quite in alignment, firmly painted but not hard-edged, seem pretty close to Gottlieb. Thus, instead of the opposition of Old World and New, of the School of Paris and the New York School, there are connections, of which this is only one.

Parallel to the achievement of enhanced painterliness by technical reduction in the 1940s was an epic ambition. It showed, for instance, in the desire for a momentous content, often derived from mythology. To quote Gottlieb in 1944, referring to his subject matter: "I disinterred some relics from the secret crypt of Melpomene to unite them through the pictograph." However, Gottlieb would not write, or speak, like that now. In the early days of Abstract Expressionism the sense of art as an existential project against the void was a strong motive for work, but that no longer holds. What remains in the late work of the Abstract Expressionists is the painterliness without the humanistic ambition. In the pictographs, Gottlieb used an archaism touched with Freud and Fraser to create a form of picture-writing that induced an expectation of meaning in the absence of precise references. The Bursts, too, at first evoked meaning in a similar way, if they were considered as emblems of dyadic organizations (night/day, planet/sun, and so on). However, as the image has been elaborated in terms of different color relationships and different sizes, the symbolic proposal has evaporated. We are faced therefore with an art whose decorative index is indisputable and, possibly, all there is. Motherwell's "Elegies to the Spanish Republic," of which he seems to have done more than 100, have similarly dissipated their original symbolic intimations in a skein of permutations.

The point is not that Abstract art is inherently decorative, because it avoids references to the world outside art. On the contrary, Abstract art has been persistently iconographical, as in Ad Reinhardt's retention of a cruciform layout or as in Gottlieb's Burst series. What has happened is that the painterliness of Abstract Expressionism has prospered unchecked by expressive concerns. That is no less true of the later de Kooning than of Gottlieb and Motherwell. The attitude to subject matter that underlay their early work has changed so that the format is perpetuated without the presence of the original intention. The craft of painting, the acquisition of fluency, the move in scale from experiment to empire, has put New York art in the luxurious place that the School of Paris occupied when the Abstract Expressionists started. □

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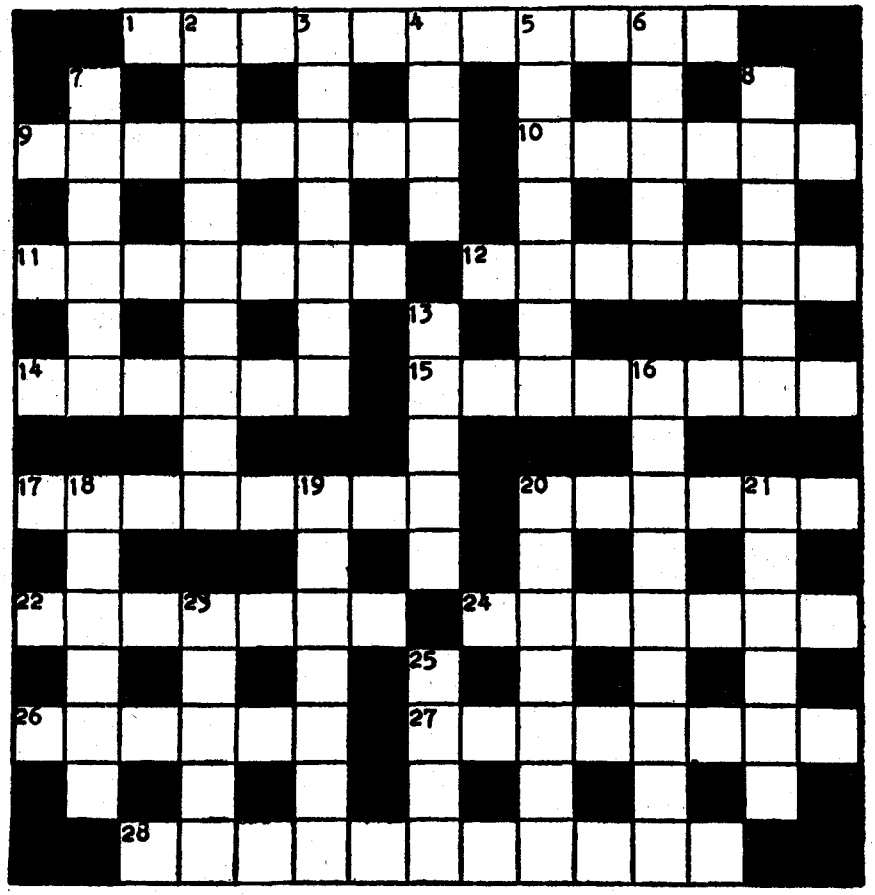

ACROSS

1 Could one describe it as men, etc., in the construction business? (6,5)
9 Dance during a stage presentation? It should bring the first man up. (4,4)
10 One might jump on board in a less than straightforward manner. (6)
11 Is, to our confusion, wild and turbulent. (7)
12 Proving people in most trouble have short periods of time to account for them. (7)
14 See 25 down
15 See 22 across
17 Though making a fuss, Bill could still be ecstatic. (8)
20 Sole source of information for Will Rogers? (6)
22, 15 across and 4 down Money, as they say, as well as something spilled in the telling, telling, of an old story. (4,3,3,9)
24 In proportion, or at par, perhaps. (3,4)
26 What one might do in rude pictographs. (6)
27 One might advocate an expression of power. (8)
28 In a way, rat on police filtration in the process. (11)

DOWN

2 A mix-up in pay gets people out of it. (9)
3 One was probably in a spot of trouble, once. (7)
4 See 22 across
5 Such things are tedious, and vex at least a few. (7)
6 Typified by Hale's Nolan. (5)
7 A number of goals the early miners might have worked on. (6)
8 One might find it in a feature covering the beetle, possibly. (6)
13 Quiet, yet capable of producing spirit. (5)
16 Tears open the sort that one could use as an artificial tongue. (9)
18 Put on weight, having lots of money, and being all set to go off. (6)
19 One should be filled with enthusiasm—in fact, a producer of it. (7)
20 The recognized value applied to a favorite defense. (7)
21 In German, red and round. (6)
23 Cutting sobriquet in the character of an opera that obviously wasn't worth much. (5)
25 and 14 across Old Spanish money left in settlement of property? (4,6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1465

ACROSS: 1 Beauties; 5 Scuffs; 10 Wavered; 11 Furnish; 12 Ellis; 13 Apertures; 14 Lodge; 16 Enshroud; 19 Bursting; 22 Poker; 24 Athenians; 26 Oiled; 28 Presume; 29 Asinine; 30 Desist; 31 Skylight. DOWN: 1 Biweekly; 2 Anvil; 3 Threshers; 4 End game; 6 Corot; 7 Friar Tuck; 8 Schism; 9 Offers; 15 Daughters; 17 Raptorial; 18 Gradient; 20 Images; 21 Gas tank; 23 Mapped; 25 Nouns; 27 Lying.

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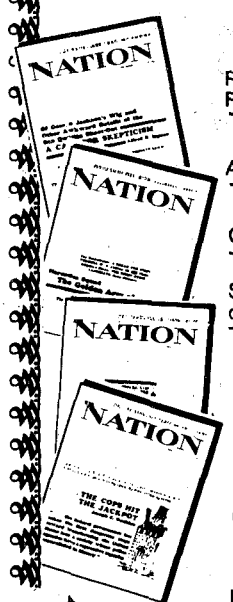

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